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THINGS AS THEY ARE

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 89. [Published Every Monday.] WEEK ENDING JULY 16TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 89. WEEK ENDING JULY 16TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

SCOTTISH TOASTS.

ME TIPS FOR THE ENGLISH VISITOR.

Scotsmen have always been a convivial e, and hence they preserve to this day ny ancient toasts. If you can remember produce some of the following at a ttish gathering, Saxon though you be, will make many instant friends.

Thumping luck and fat weans" will use the company, especially the ladies if are present.

Another excellent toast for mixed company "To couthie women and trusty men," outhie" meaning "loving."

Mair sense and mair siller," though well- ant, is not altogether complimentary, but ere's health to the sick, stilts to the e," claise to the back, and brose to the ne" (food for the stomach, brose being avourite Scottish mixture of milk, oatmeal, , and butter) will assuredly arouse gen- enthusiasm.

Mair freens and less need o' 'em"; hen we're gaun up the hill o' fortune may ne'er meet a freen' coming down"; ay we ne'er want a friend or a drappie gie him," are excellent sentiments which n a Southerner can understand.

Horn, corn, wool, an' yarn" is a favour- toast at Scottish agricultural dinners, while ledonian masons—I don't mean Freemasons, builders and stoneworkers—favour the following toasts: "Horny hands and ather-beaten haffets," and "The rendin' rocks and the pu'in' down o' auld houses." As regards the former, "haffets" is Scotch "cheeks," and the general meaning of toast is plenty of work and health to do while the second means a wish to erect new ddings and clear away old ones.

A cosy but and a canty ben" is a mestic toast. In the old days Scottish ses were divided into two parts, the outer, but, the inner or living room, the ben, and anty" means cheerful or lively.

"The ingleneuk wi' routh o' bannochs and rms," has a pleasant ring about it, even if do not know that "ingleneuk" means chimney-corner or fireplace and that outh o' bannochs" stands for plenty of kes.

On the breaking up of a party give them willy waught's a gude night cappy," which ply means that a willy waught, *i.e.*, a p draught of liquor makes a fine nightcap. Finally, having drunk to our friends let consign our enemies to perdition with: "The deil rock them in a creel (basket) t does na' wish us a' weel!"

D. MACPHERSON.

CHEEK.

Commander Peary, describing an Arctic experience, says, "I could hear . . . the shouts of the Eskimo drivers, '*Huk, huk, huk*,' 'Ash'—oo." This explodes once and for all the fallacy that colds in the head are unknown in the Polar regions.

* * *

A horse trained by Mr. C. Archer is called Good Lark. Obviously he is a flyer.

* * *

Says a Miss Pocock, "The public expects a nurse to be something of a cross between an angel and a machine." A bathing machine, we presume.

* * *

Thus a well-known weekly, "Conversation is one of the blights of civilisation." Yes; and it follows that the man who talks too much is a "blighter."

* * *

"K. of K.," we are told, is looking for a house near London where he can take up his permanent residence. Wherever it may be, it is certain to have a splendid iron Kitchener in it.

* * *

"The Moral Dangers of Paris" is the title of an article in "M.A.P." We observe with relief that our contemporary does not mention the immoral ones.

* * *

We learn from the "Daily Graphic" that "The stage Irishman is a standing absurdity." If this is so, he certainly will not take the statement lying down.

* * *

A writer in "London Opinion" observes that "It is impossible to pigeon-hole a woman." We don't quite know what he means, but we feel sure that no gentleman would try to do it, unless, of course, he knew her *very* well.

* * *

A new novel is entitled "Service." We do not recommend any of our readers to go into it.

* * *

"University Intelligence," reads a "Globe" headline. This is gratefully reassuring, for we had heard it whispered that there was no such thing.

* * *

Says Mr. Richard Dehan in "The Dop Doctor," "There are many loves, but one Love." The latter passion, of course, is the one a man goes to L for.

* * *

Startling developments of the "Chantecler" vogue are expected soon. But, so far, the only feature of the craze that appeals to mere men is the cocktail.

J. S. COX.

THE MONK'S LIMITATIONS.

A COMMENT ON A PHASE OF MODERN THOUGHT.

There is at present being exhibited in the trains of the tube railways in London an advertisement of some sort of medicine showing a coloured picture of a monk's head and the words "Perfect Health" in large letters.

One is accustomed to see in the Royal Academy and in special numbers of illustrated papers pictures of jovial monks. One accepts these things as art, and passes them by without thinking, but when you see in the most modern of railway systems a picture of a monk presented to your notice as the embodiment of perfect health you begin to wonder whether such is really one of his attributes.

If you should become convinced that it is so, you might very possibly become a monk yourself, for modern thought is beginning to get away from the material and to seek after the ideal.

We see that the rush and the hustle of life is only for the making of money, and that the making of money is only for the obtaining of happiness. If we could obtain happiness at once without the rush and the hustle and the detrimental effect that they have upon our characters, we should seize the opportunity.

Has the monk realised the ultimate truth? Has he, by the mere fact of becoming a monk, secured happiness without the terrible struggle that most of us have to endure to obtain even a scrap of it?

He has not.

The average man becomes weary of the strife of the world, but it is that very strife that is improving and moulding his character—just as the athlete after exercise becomes tired, only to find on the following day he has realised a new pleasure in the increased strength of his muscles.

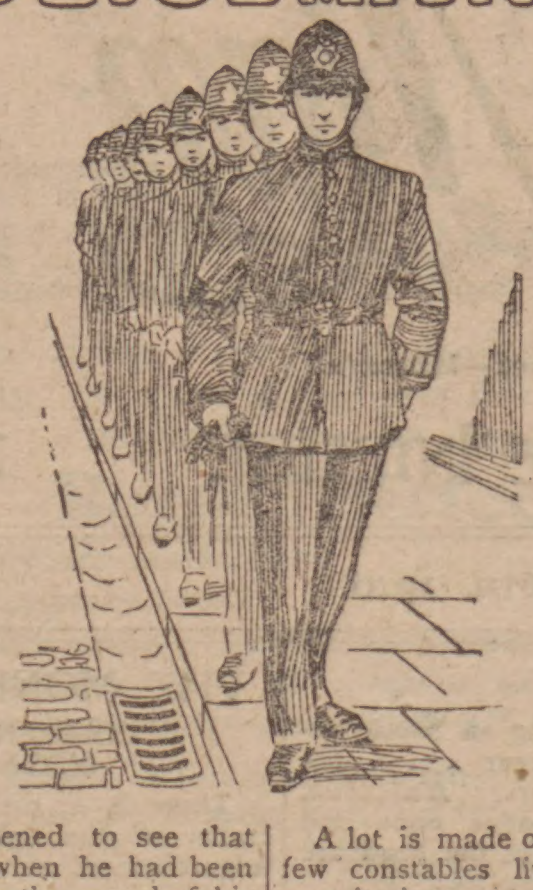
The monk shuts himself up from the cares of the world. He remains childlike, perhaps, but with the weakness of a child. Never does he attain to the infinite sweetness of character that you find in a man who has gone through life in the ordinary way, who has faced its battles gallantly, and emerged from them, possibly with a scar or two, but with a complete understanding of life's lessons.

There is a child's game in which the child pursued crosses its finger and says "My cross is on." It cannot then be touched. The modern monk assumes to himself a similar respite or Paradise. To him the donning of the material cross gives some of that peace that other men find only when they have passed through the purgatory of life. Peace he has of a kind, but it is limited peace and immature.

M. H. HAYRICK.

The Policeman's Lot

WHAT HE HAS TO KNOW AND THE CONDITIONS OF HIS SERVICE.



"The policeman's lot is not a happy one." So runs a chorus in a famous opera, but how many of the tens of thousands who have heard it realise how true the words are? Very few, I am afraid.

I was standing in the centre of a large town the other day when a constable passed me, in his quiet, but smart uniform, well groomed, with his white gloves and shining buttons, walking in the slow, dignified manner peculiar to his class, and I overheard a man who was standing by remark to his companion, "By Jove, haven't they got a fine job."

I wonder if the man ever thought of the other side of the P.C.'s work. I happened to see that same constable a week later, when he had been transferred to night duty, going the round of his weary beat in a pouring rain, wet through, but bound to go on till six o'clock the next morning, "shaking hands with padlocks," as he himself calls it, going round street after street of dreary blocks of warehouses, hour after hour, no chance of shelter, because those locks must be tried every hour, and if he missed them a burglary might possibly take place. That would mean a report, and possibly dismissal.

THE NEED FOR NERVE.

Perhaps he comes across a window open, or catches a glimpse of a light moving in some warehouse. "Hello," thinks he, "there's something wrong," and in he goes to meet whoever may be inside, possibly to run the risk of being maimed for life by some desperate ruffian who has broken in.

He must have an iron nerve, for he knows that at any moment he may be struck down unawares, or perhaps shot.

And what does he get when he captures his man? Probably nothing more than a commendation from the magistrate.

And then, again, he may come across a man or woman helplessly drunk, and have to struggle to the station with them, and then the following morning he has to break his rest to appear at the Police Court.

A constable must have a knowledge of the law, ambulance work, or first aid, an iron constitution, great tact, and forbearance. I have heard a high official of police say that he knew constables who knew more about the law than some practising barristers, and I have seen a constable bandage a broken limb in a manner which would have done credit to any doctor. I have also seen a constable listen to a foul-mouthed bully calling him brutal names, with great coolness, for a long time before he would lock him up.

A FIRST-AID EXPERT.

If a person in the street meets with an accident, severing an artery, without quick attendance by some cool-headed person, that person would quickly die, but here comes in the P.C. with his experience and knowledge. He quickly attends to the victim and sends for the ambulance, and the patient is removed to a comfortable bed at the nearest hospital.

Another unpleasant task which is the lot of the constable is the removing of dead bodies to the public mortuary in case of sudden death or death from accident.

In the witness-box the policeman often has to stand from ten minutes up to two hours or more to be cross-examined by some astute lawyer, always having to keep his temper cool, no matter how he is bullied.

To be efficient on all these points a constable has to study for hundreds of hours in his spare time, and the return he gets for this is very little better than a labourer's wage; his work is very unhealthy, his days of recreation are very few, and he cannot enjoy those in the same free manner as a civilian, because, in the first place, his masters do not like him to do so, and, secondly, most of the public do not care much about his company, as they are never quite sure whether he is spying or not.

And in addition to all this he is not the only sufferer, for his wife gets very little of his company, and has to prepare meals at different times almost every week.

A lot is made of the pension he gets, but very few constables live long after retiring. Their constitutions are in most cases broken up, except in cases where men have had a soft job, such as clerk or one of the similar posts that exist in the force.

THE HOLIDAY QUESTION.

At present most police forces have only one day off in a fortnight, or in some cases one a month, and seven days annually.

As is well-known, an agitation is going on at present throughout the country for one day off in seven, and in a few towns it has been granted. The chief objection to it in most places is the additional cost, which, however, is comparatively small, and I hope the foregoing lines may have some effect in its favour.

"Bobby Peeler."

THE WAR OFFICE AND INVENTORS.

The War Office does not precisely encourage inventors—at all events, not those of a military species.

Para. 2, Appendix XVIII. of the King's Regulations runs as follows: "An officer, N.C.O., or soldier of the regular forces, or a civilian, or other person employed under the War Department is not permitted to take out a patent, or seek for provisional protection for an invention, without first obtaining the approval of the Army Council, by application through his respective C.O. or head of his department."

One can understand that when a soldier invents something of military value he should in duty bound give the authorities the first chance of acquiring it, but why a Tommy who invents, say, a new kind of tea-pot should have to hand his invention over to the Army Council is not quite clear. For, mind you, in the first place, the Army Council are not bound to give permission to patent, and in the next place they may order the inventor to assign his patent to the Secretary of State for War.

And having done this, the Army Council have absolute power to fix the payment to be made to the inventor, whose invention will only be considered on condition that he agrees to be bound by this arbitrary rule.

The Army inventor, then, is in this position: he cannot protect his invention without permission of the authorities, and if they think it is a good thing and like to acquire it, they can do so at their own price.

It is no wonder that if a soldier hits upon a good idea he usually clears out of the Army.

Civilians with military inventions, too, usually fight shy of the War Office, knowing that in all probability their specifications will be pigeon-holed for months and months, even years, and that they will find it very difficult to get a fair price.

C. B. Knowles.

HOLIDAY WISDOM.

Give yourself twice the time at the railway station that you allow when going an ordinary journey. There will be many people just as anxious as you are to get the corner seats and the back-to-the-engine position.

* * *

Save yourself a rush and a wait at the booking office window by getting your ticket the day before you start, at one of the many district offices of the railway company or at Cook's.

* * *

Send your luggage in advance. It will cost sixpence or a shilling, but it will save you constant anxiety on the journey. If your diggings are not fixed send it to the cloak-room "to be called for," and label it "passenger's luggage."

* * *

The above piece of advice does not apply to bicycles. Take your machine on the same train as you travel by.

Why? Because railway companies have no special places for keeping bicycles, and these are liable to get knocked about amid the less fragile luggage at the goods shed or cloak-room.

Moreover, a bicycle is so very easy to wheel away, and holiday resort stations are always infested with men ready for anything.

* * *

Overhaul your portmanteau or box a fortnight before you start on your holiday. Otherwise when you come to pack a day or so before you start you may find it split, perished, or wanting some necessary repairs. If sending it in advance, see that the lock is in good order.

* * *

Travel in a suit that is rather old than new. A new suit spoils more readily on a railway journey than anywhere else. The cramped space, the necessity for keeping the same position, the dust and cinders that fly in at the windows, and other things tend to rob any suit of its freshness very quickly.

* * *

If you are a happy-go-lucky person leave the engaging of rooms till you actually reach your holiday haunt; do not leave your luggage in the care of a friendly porter at the station. He may be called away for a moment, and your luggage may be "called away" for ever.

* * *

Put it in the cloak-room and see that you take care of the ticket that the clerk will give you.

* * *

Beware of the army of lazy, shiftless men who offer to "carry your bag, sir." If you want it carried, look out for the authorised "outside porters" who usually wear badges on one arm.

* * *

It is unwise to go bathing the first day you arrive at the seaside. Get settled into your diggings, have a good bath after your journey, saunter round the town and find your bearings, get accustomed to the air, the food, and the drink, and then "do as Rome does."

* * *

Keep your eyes open, and there is no telling where your luck will lead you.

T. John.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

The Right of Way

By J. F. JAMESON.

For close on a fortnight—they had sent me down to the little place for its quiet and fine air, adding that I should find it very suitable to my work—I had gradually grown duller and duller, until finally the slow death of the utterly-without-interest-in-life approached me.

The sunsets, said to have been approved by the late Mr. Turner, R.A., were beautiful. A few very good young men frequently entertained me to solemn conversation over my gate, while across the many-hued estuary and beyond the Isle of Sheppey I watched the sun sink.

Those young men put up their aristocratic noses in the air at the mention of Brighton, bands, and gaiety. They were glad (with due dignity) that the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway ran no excursions to their part of the world, that the people of the countryside around were (with one exception) quiet, order-loving people with similar aons.

They always spoke of the Exception vaguely. I could hardly imagine any full-blooded sporting young man burying himself in the place I will call Blackstaple. The good young men seemed to shrink from mentioning the name of the Exception—until, one day, the great god of Good Luck provided that I should be without a match and also that the Exception should be the man to supply me.

I spoke to him for half an hour of grand blaring bands; I soaked myself in the discussion of Brighton, Blackpool, Ostend, Nice, and all the places where one *lived* one's life. And the good young men passed me, aghast.

That night, over my gate, they warned me utterly against Rex Verningham, a pariah, an outcast, a loose liver who had been known to dash his father's good Humber car over the undulating cliff-land; who had been fined on countless occasions for reckless driving; who had defied both of Blackstaple's two policemen; who had—but they would harrow my ears no longer with the catalogue of his iniquities. He was one utterly apart, and his father was—another.

"He's not one of us," said the exemplary (but, to my mind, utterly unnatural) young men.

That is why, on the following afternoon, as I strayed by the water's edge, I experienced genuine pleasure when Rex Verningham called out to me from his little fourteen-foot "one-design" yacht and asked if I would care to come for a sail!

He brought the "Frivolous Annette" round with a masterly hand, and from a little pier that stretched out a few yards into the seven-mile wide Thames estuary I stepped aboard.

"Make room there, Tommy!" said Verningham, suddenly. There was a stir from the starboard side beyond the sail, whence I could not see, and a tall, lithe figure, an almost straw-haired man, slid forward silently by way of the mast-stay and disappeared from view beyond the mast, hauling himself up forward.

"It's all right," said Verningham, as I marvelled that he had not made that half-step mistake which would have assuredly flung him into the sea. "He does just what I tell him, or what the Guv'nor orders him. If we told him to pull the nose of an Archbishop (which Heaven forbid!) he'd do it."

Without ostentation, and talking as he did skilful things, Verningham let out our sail, which filled with the light breeze and sped on out towards the island. Smoking a pipe in the stern, I looked on it all with the calm eye of one thoroughly used to it.

"Dare say," said Verningham, "you haven't heard 'em praising *my* house and home up much since you've been in Blackstaple, have you? Don't know why, but somehow Verningham, *père et fils*, don't seem quite to hit it with dear, dirty, stuck-up, obsolete Blackstaple. Perky little place this, eh? And every man Jack of 'em is a descendant of smugglers—straight. It makes 'em proud, I suppose, havin' been connected distantly with the wine trade. I suppose it's that, anyway. Can't make out that they've a chance to be bucked about anything else.

"Tommy," said he, breaking off suddenly, "What about the Blackstaple Urban District Council?"

"Mister Verney says you're to go away, or I'm to carry ye out of it." Tommy seemed to be quoting from same previous order in connection with that Council.

I had heard something of the affair, but—it was a delicate matter.

"Strong as a horse and mad as a hatter, that chap," said Verningham, "but 'Verney' is as near as he can get to pronouncing our name. He's worked for the Guv'nor ever since we've been here, and an ancient retainer isn't in it with him. You know our house?"

I did. It was a biggish place, with a finely planted garden, the east side extending to the footpath that turned up from the cliff.

"Yes; I've walked past by the footpath," said I.

"What do you think of the footpath—the path that runs by our house and leads on to the road?" asked my companion, a trifle anxiously.

"Best bit of the lot," said I, after a little thought. "The gradient is broken by little cut-out steps."

"Glad you think it's all right," said Verningham. "I helped to make it—in one night—after the war with Blackstaple."

I thought he was indulging in the improper practice known as pulling one's leg.

"I thought," said I, "that *most* likely you were in the employ of the Blackstaple District Council—in the works office."

"Well, I *did* earn a quid from them once. But—permanently under old Skilling? Good Lord deliver us! I know Skilling right well. He knows me, and Tommy, there, too."

Verningham let out his sail a little and we sailed full before the wind.

"Yes; it was like this, you see. We'd stayed here. Liked the place. Had no experience of the people. And there you are! Guv'nor spots a decent bit of land for sale on the upper cliff—all bare and rugged, same as you see it there." Verningham pointed to the sloping cliffs of Blackstaple away on our starboard bow.

"In a year the house was more or less up, and we set about planting that garden—do you see it? That's it—making a young Devonshire spinney of it.

"Then, just as we'd planted all the slope and run a light railing round the garden, just to stake out our claim, so to speak, 'way comes a round robin from the Blackstaple District Council, signed by the Clerk and the Chairman and initialled by the District Surveyor, politely, but very firmly, informing us that we were to take down the fencing that cut across what was *once* a footpath along the cliff to the then isolated public-house called the 'Canary-in-Song'—thus you will observe, throwing open the pathway again right across our garden where the level ground joined the imitation bit of Devonshire. And the Guv'nor reckoned he'd bought the whole lot from the road down to the bottom of the cliff.

"What the Blackstaple District Council argued in their round robin was that he could not set aside the right of way that held along that cliff-edge. The Guv'nor, who has knocked about a bit in his time, promptly thanked his fortunate stars that at last we were to get some excitement out of sleepy old Blackstaple.

"By way of a preliminary canter he bunged the Blackstaple District Council's round robin among the flaming kitchen brights, and waited for all the fun of the fair to commence.

"'Anyone putting a nose over our fence,' said the Guv'nor to Tommy Tucker there, 'hold it and yell out for me.'

"I told you how this chap carried out our instructions to the letter, didn't I? Next day we heard *two* yells from the fencing. Tommy had got the District Surveyor by the nose (it was a pretty big one, too), and nothing would persuade him to let go but our express orders.

"Tommy had been repeating his instructions, like an 'Ave Maria,' puttin' it all in how he was to hold any offending nose, and yell out for us.

"'The man must be mad!' says the District Surveyor, when Tommy, on the word from the Guv'nor, let go.

"'He is,' says the Guv'nor, 'absolutely mad. Probably the only faithful servant in England—so he must be. If you were wanting to see me,' adds the Guv'nor sweetly, 'just come and knock at the front door and step inside—instead of putting your big nose over the fence.'

"Old Skilling promptly remembered that he had an appointment, and cleared quick as an ice in the sun. He didn't fancy our madman; not one little bit.

"'First scalp to us,' says the Guv'nor gleefully.

"'Not scalp—nose,' said I, and the Guv'nor was in such a good humour that he even laughed at *that*.

"In the meantime the surveyor had gone home in no end of a sweat—but with his native guile still within him. Refraining from mentioning a word about our madman, he waits until the next Council meeting, merely reports that the Guv'nor had refused to see him—and eggs the Council on to go up in force!

"Every one of 'em promptly agreed to this, for the only business for them that afternoon was a communication from the National Telephone Co., who had written the Clerk asking that, as the flagstaff outside the municipal buildings was in the way of their new wires, would the Council kindly remove the said flagstaff a few feet back? To this the Council replied that as the wires were in the way of the Council's flag-staff, would the National Telephone Co. kindly remove the wires? I tell you this to give you an idea of the Council—as you don't happen to be a ratepayer. They *know!*

"Anyhow, 'way comes the Council up to our house, and such a lot of Robinson Crusoes you never saw west of the South Sea Islands. There were chaps in top-hats and patriarchal beards; there were frowsy plumbers, and the local undertaker dressed in the solemnity of his calling. Oh, you should have seen 'em coming up our drive, looking round like missionaries conductin' a school treat over a castle.

"The Guv'nor was in the middle of a good cigar at the time.

"'Tommy,' says he to our henchman, 'remove the Council. Tell 'em they're to go away or you're to carry 'em out of it.'

"Tommy repeats all this after the Guv'nor, and out he goes.

"So just as a gentleman with a particularly dirty white beard was about to soil our knocker with his grubby fingers, he was confronted by the excellent Thomas.

"'Mister Verney says'—fell on that gentle-

man's ears—'you're to go away, or I'm to carry ye out of it!'

"'My good man,' said the patriarchal old bargee, 'we are the Blackstaple Council, and,' says he, looking round at his fat brethren, 'we also represent all the Authority, magisterial and otherwise, in this district.'

"Tommy did not stop to argue with him, but—I told you he was as strong as a Government elephant, didn't I?—catches him under his armpits and lugs him out kicking, none of the authoritative brethren of his lifting a finger to help him.

"My Guv'nor, naturally, selected that precise moment to come to the balcony window.

"'Good heavens, Rex!' he calls out to me. 'Our man's started on one of the good gentlemen in the drive!'

"'Run—all of you!' he yelled to the Council, 'the man's slightly mad usually, but he's evidently clean gone now!'

"Run? Did they run? I'll wager it reduced 'em pounds and took 'em several Sunday dinners to make up for lost weight. Well, when he'd managed to stop laughin' at those energetic rate-inflicters, the Guv'nor sits down and writes the most polite of notes to the Blackstaple Council, apologising for delay in answering their letter, and intimating that if they would send a few men to take down the fences and level the flower-beds we'd laid out where the public path used to be, *he'd* be agreeable to cut his garden into two, fencing off both parts thereof.

"But, of course, everyone's related to everyone else here—this bein' no end of a conservative country—and you can bet the Guv'nor had not omitted *that* out of his calculations. What I mean is that the chairman's sons were the local carpenters, and sure to be entrusted with the job, and after they'd seen that madman of ours I rather think they came to the conclusion that we were *all* mad.

"Anyway, back comes the official reply thanking us for our kind offer, and observing that after due consideration of the matter they had decided that, in the interests of temperance, perhaps it would be better if the public path ran up by our fence instead of by the 'Canary-in-Song.' They left the making of that path to us, adding that the amount they were prepared to pay towards it was three pounds.

"Man, we did it classically—Tommy, the Guv'nor, and I, one moonlight night, workin' from 6 p.m. to 4 a.m.—darned hard work, too—for a quid apiece from the Blackstaple District Council for deviating its own right of way!"

SHIPS' WATCHES.

For the purpose of keeping watch and carrying on the work, the crew of a ship are divided into two equal portions, the one being called the starboard, the other the port watch. (N.B.—Standing in a ship and looking forward to the bows starboard is always on your right, port always on your left hand.)

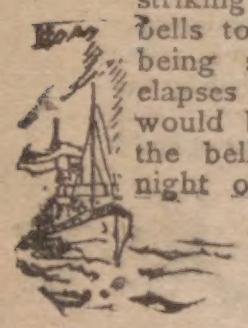
Day and night on a ship are divided into watches as follows:

First watch, from 8 p.m. to 12 midnight.
Middle watch, from 12 midnight to 4 a.m.
Morning watch, from 4 a.m. to 8 a.m.
Forenoon watch, from 8 a.m. to 12 noon.
Afternoon watch, from 12 noon to 4 p.m.
First dog watch, from 4 p.m. to 6 p.m.
Last dog watch, from 6 p.m. to 8 p.m.

While at sea either the starboard or the port watch is on deck and the short dog watches give them a change of watches every day.

When in harbour there is an "anchor watch."

Time on board ship is indicated by the striking of the ship's bell, there being eight bells to each watch of four hours, one bell being struck for each half an hour that elapses as the watch goes on. Thus 10 p.m. would be four bells in the first watch, and the bell would be struck four times, midnight or noon would be eight bells.



EATING THE APPLE

He that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow.
—PROVERBS.

I have written several articles on philosophical subjects for this paper, but the subject I am now tackling is the boldest of them all. I write on it with hesitation, and I admit at once that the statements that I may make are open to criticism. My only desire is to suggest a line of philosophical thought.

The reader must be left to carry the matter further for himself. It is impossible for me or for any other writer on philosophical subjects to be precise and definite, for mental philosophy is different from natural philosophy in the essential fact that natural philosophy deals with an exact science where you can prove every fact as you go along, whereas metaphysics treat only of those matters, which, being concerned with our strangely changing and developing personalities, are necessarily subject to the interpretation of the individual.

HOLY WRIT.

There are many who accept the first chapter of Genesis as actual and absolute fact. There are others who regard it as metaphorical—simply as an expression of the great truth that to eat of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge does not bring happiness.

This morning I saw a man driving a cart laden with tarred pebbles for road-making, and it was from observing him and thinking of him that I thought this matter over.

I can well imagine myself driving a baker's or a butcher's cart with a fairly fast-trotting horse to take up my attention, but the man with the tar macadam outfit was leaving everything to his horse, for it was incapable of going more rapidly than a walk.

If I were compelled by circumstances to take his place, I should probably go mad from want of work, for I should all the time be thinking, and the exercise of thinking is productive of energy and action; I should want to get off the cart and to push it, or to do something else that would help me to transmute my mental energy into the physical and more pleasant form.

THE WISDOM OF IGNORANCE.

I could not tolerate that man's job, but he is perfectly happy doing it. You can see that he is happy, more happy than I am probably, for he is much fatter and more obviously well-nourished. What then is the difference between us? Simply that he is content to take life as he finds it, while I have been foolish enough to nibble at the apple that grows on the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

To me there is always a hankering to find the golden centre of life, to find its secret and there to find mental and spiritual repose. I have imagined that to know all that can be known of the human mind may possibly give me that satisfaction.

I have studied psychology in the most scientific manner—and the scientific manner is unquestionably the correct one. No human action can surprise me. I understand the motives of men—self-aggrandisement is probably the chief; love comes in a bad second, self-conceit is the third, and there are many others.

THE EXPLANATION OF MOTIVES.

A man does a certain thing, and people wonder why he does it, but because I have studied life, I can often explain his action, even if I cannot excuse it. With knowledge of human nature you would think that there might come a certain amount of peace and happiness, but it is absolutely not so. I am not one tenth as happy as the man who is sitting on the cart laden with tarred pebbles.

I might philosophise again and be a fatalist, and say that I was made for my work and he was made for his, but I doubt if I should be right. If a man takes up philosophy and the study of life, he does so deliberately. He is not born with the knowledge; he sets himself to acquire it. Should there be any who contemplate doing so, I should advise them to refrain.

FACT AND SPECULATION.

With chemistry and electricity and other concrete sciences we have definite facts to go upon and the discoveries you aim at must be definite, too, but the student of mental phenomena seems to me to be trying to find his puny way into the very Spirit of God. He progresses some little distance, but he can never obtain the intellectual satisfaction of ascertaining definite facts unless he merely sticks to the rudiments.

Love is one of the most beautiful things in human life, and it may serve as an illustration to my meaning.

I have in mind a married couple who are as happy as the day is long. The man is very clever in his business, but his mind is not of the thoughtful, meditating, brooding kind. Some days his wife may be out of temper, but he does not worry himself about it in the very slightest.

"Women are often like that," is his only comment. His wife gets over her passing fit of temper or ill-health, and likes him all the better because he did not permit her to worry him.

THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT.

On the other hand, and in contrast, I know a couple who are both of what is called the artistic temperament. The wife may be unreasonable or her manner may be simply due to that charming feminine element of changeableness; she is less loving than usual at breakfast time and the man goes to work worrying his heart out as to what he can have done to offend her.

He is seeking to eat the apple of perfect and infinite love, which is not of this world. The other chap is happy because he accepts things as they are; he does not ask too much of a woman, he allows for her personal and feminine peculiarities, and they get on remarkably well.

Often and often we are urged by preachers and by the writers whose works we delight to read, to seek knowledge. The doctrine, I verily believe, is a false one.

Let every man rest content with acting up to his ideals. It is outside his power, or the power of any other mortal, to pierce the mystery of the human mind.

C. WOLFE.

LAWN TENNIS ODDS

A LUCID EXPLANATION OF A VERY COMPLICATED SUBJECT.

The giving or taking of odds at lawn tennis is rather a complicated matter, anyway at first sight. Of course, where a player gives or receives, say, 15, that is simple enough. In the former case he starts each game at "love" to his opponent's 15; in the latter case the position is reversed, and he begins each game of a set of six at 15 to his adversary's nothing.

Or, again, when a player owes, say, 15, the problem is simple. "Owe 15" means that the player has to score a winning point or "ace" before he comes to "love."

WHERE THE DIFFICULTY BEGINS.

So long as the handicap is the same on each game there should be no confusion, but where players are close together and the handicap consists in giving or taking one or more strokes in a set, then a clear head is needed. You may, for example, be called upon to mark a game between two players, one of whom owes 3-6 of 15, while the other receives 5-6 of 15. This is when you begin to long for a bucket of ice.

Handicaps are usually framed on sixths of 15, and 1-6 of 15 simply means that the player who receives it gets one stroke given him in the course of a set. Thus, a player in receipt of 5-6 of 15 gets five strokes in a set.

Similarly, if a player owes, say, 1-6 of 15, this means that he starts one game of the set owing 15—*i.e.*, as already explained, he has to make a point to get to "love."

So far this is pretty plain sailing, but now we come to the question on which games in a set strokes are taken or owed. Suppose a player gets 1-6 of 15—*i.e.*, one stroke in a set—when does he take it? In "friendlies" he may have the option of using this stroke whenever he likes, but in tournament play odds must be given or taken in certain games.

WHEN TAKING ODDS.

The first rule is that odds are *received* on the earliest possible even games. That is, a player who receives 1-6, or one stroke in a set of six games, takes it on the earliest possible even game. "Even" here does not refer to the play, but to the number of the game. The first even game then is the second one, and so a player who receives 1-6 of 15 starts the second game of a set at 15 to his opponent's love.

Similarly, a player who receives 2-6 will start the second and fourth games at 15 to love, while if he gets 3-6 he will start 15 to love on the second, fourth, and sixth games.

But what happens if he receives 4-6 or 5-6, for clearly the even games will be exhausted?

Well, in this case he does not take two strokes on any one game, but uses up his strokes on the odd games beginning with the earliest possible odd one, which clearly is the first game of the set.

THE GAMES AT A GLANCE.

Therefore, a player receiving 4-6 starts the first, second, fourth, and sixth games at 15—love. If he gets 5-6 he starts each game except the fifth at 15—love. The following table should, I think, make this clear:

Odds Received.	1st Game.	2nd Game.	3rd Game.	4th Game.	5th Game.	6th Game.
1-6 of 15	—	15	—	—	—	—
2-6 of 15	—	15	—	15	—	—
3-6 of 15	15	15	—	15	—	15
4-6 of 15	15	15	—	15	—	15
5-6 of 15	15	15	15	15	—	15

Wherever 15 is marked the player starts that game at 15 to love.

When odds are owed they are given on the *latest possible odd games*. That is, suppose a player owes 1-6, then the latest odd game is the fifth of a set, and he will start that game owing 15.

In other words, he has to score a point before he gets to love.

Similarly, if a player owes 2-6, he will start the third and fifth games of a set owing 15.

Another little table will help to make things clear:

Odds Owed.	1st Game.	2nd Game.	3rd Game.	4th Game.	5th Game.	6th Game.
1-6 of 15	—	—	—	—	15	—
2-6 of 15	—	—	15	—	15	—
3-6 of 15	—	—	—	—	—	—
4-6 of 15	15	—	15	—	15	—
5-6 of 15	15	—	15	—	15	15
—	15	—	15	15	15	15

As will be seen when the odd games are exhausted, the remaining strokes are used on the even games, beginning with the latest possible.

As mentioned at the beginning, in the simplest form of handicap a player receives a fixed start in each game. But sometimes besides the fixed start he will be given one or more strokes. For example, a player may get 30 in each game, and two strokes as well. His handicap will then be described as 30·2. The handicap of a player receiving 15 in each game and one stroke in addition would be 15·1. This will help you to understand the following handicapping problem.

PUZZLES FOR THE HANDICAPPER.

A, who receives 15·3, has to meet B, who receives 30·1. On what terms should they play?

Well, the rule is that the better player goes back to scratch, his opponent receiving proportionate odds, and the problem is to find these odds.

This is a sum in proportion, and the answer here is that B starts each at 15 to A's love.

As a matter of fact, players at prize meetings are officially divided into classes according to their handicaps. For example, scratch men are Class 0; men receiving 1-6 are Class I; 2-6 players, Class II., and so on; and differential tables have been worked out which enable the officials at a glance to find a player's proportionate handicap.

A few examples may be given:

A (15·1) meets B (30·3). A goes to scratch, and B receives 15·4.

A (30·5) meets B (40). B gets two strokes in a set.

When both players *owe* odds, then the player who owes the smaller odds is put forward to scratch, and the odds the better player should owe are then calculated.

For example, A, who owes 15, meets B, who owes 30. A goes to scratch, and B starts each game owing 15.

When, however, both players owe less than 15·4, you simply substract the odds. A, say, owes 15, B 15·1. They start at level all, and B owes one stroke in a set.

E. H. HILL.

THE BEST MAN.

HIS DUTIES AT A WEDDING.

As not a few of my readers have probably already been sentenced to act as "best man" to some friend or other during the present marrying season, and many more will be called upon to fill that office at no very distant date, it may be useful to give in this column some of the principal duties that devolve upon the best man.

The man who is singled out by the bridegroom for that honour may be either a relation—a brother for instance—or a friend, but he should be an unmarried man.

His job is, on the whole, not unlike that of an athletic trainer. He has got to bring his man up to the scratch in as good condition as possible, and to relieve him of all the petty worries that are incidental to the process of getting married.

His duties, however, unlike the trainer's, only begin seriously on the day of the wedding, though there are one or two preliminaries that he may well attend to beforehand. There is always the possibility, unlikely as it is, that the bridegroom may forget to buy the ring, and the best man should make sure that he does so in good time.

He should also satisfy himself that all the arrangements at the church are complete and that the certificate of the banns has been obtained and is in order.

These later details come more properly in the province of the bride's parents, but if the best man takes the trouble to satisfy himself beforehand that the law has been complied with, it may save a hitch at the last.

On the day of the wedding the best man should constitute himself a sort of valet, courier and close attendant upon the bridegroom, but he will need all his tact to avoid getting on his nerves.

He must see that the bridegroom gets lunch to fortify him against the ordeal, for details such as this are liable to slip his memory. He must also see that his man reaches the church a full half-hour before the time of the ceremony, and that he is properly drilled in his part of the performance.

If he is wise, he will see that the register is filled in before the service and only awaits signature, and he will also get through the tipping, which is one of his most important duties, before instead of after the marriage.

Many vicars considerately publish a list of the customary fees. These include a guinea or so to the vicar himself, which is placed in an addressed envelope and laid on the vestry table, and fees of varying amount to the sexton or verger, the organist, and any others who may have been engaged to take part in the service.

The requisite cash should have been obtained from the bridegroom beforehand.

During the service the best man stands behind the bridegroom to the right, and accompanies the bridal party into the vestry. When leaving the church he takes the arm of the principal bridesmaid.

It is his duty to see all the bridesmaids into their carriage, and unless anyone else is responsible he should stay and see all the guests off from the church.

If a reception follows, he is responsible for seeing that the bridegroom leaves in time to change his clothes and to catch the train by which the wedded couple are to leave for their honeymoon. He is also responsible for their luggage reaching the station and it is usual for him to take it on ahead in a separate cab.

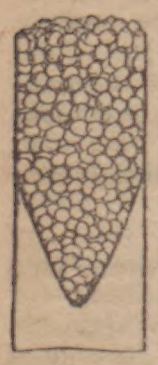
His dress will be the same as that of the bridegroom—or, indeed, of every other man present—a morning coat and waistcoat, cashmere trousers, wing collar, and grey or black and white tie. His only distinguishing mark is the buttonhole that is usually supplied with the bridegroom's.

R. MAYER.

AN INTERESTING ARTICLE WHICH HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH POLITICIANS—OF THE PARTY YOU DO NOT FAVOUR.

At the Standards Department of the Board of Trade, where are kept the official weights and measures, and many beautiful scientific instruments, such as scales capable of weighing the one-thousandth part of a grain, there is also a "Museum of Liars"—in other words, a pretty extensive collection of fraudulent weights and measures seized from dishonest tradesmen by Government Inspectors of Weights and Measures.

Some of these swindles are crude. Indeed, so far as measures are concerned, the evil genius of the trickster seldom rises above the ancient device of a false or double bottom to the article concerned.



Section of measure with false bottom for nuts.

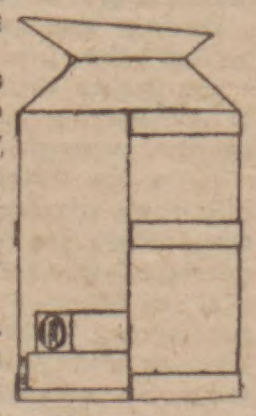
Here, for example, is a long hollow, tin measure, from which a vendor of nuts must have made a good deal of illicit profit before he was finally brought to book.

Outwardly, it looks the same as the measures used by honest nut-sellers, but really it is a bold and impudent fraud. The usually youthful customer, of course, was not allowed to inspect the measure. He saw it filled up to the brim and emptied right out; as a matter of fact, every nut that went into the canister came out again.

A glance at the inside of the canister would have shewn that instead of being hollow right down to the bottom, the sides came inwards to a point about three-quarters of the way down.

OIL AND WHISKY FRAUDS.

Then here is a five-gallon measure which was used for the sale of lamp oil, of which when full it always gave five pints short. Wooden blocks with leather pads at either end were made so to fit inside the bottom of the measure that they did not fall out or move, when the vessel was tilted up for pouring out the oil.



Section of oil-can, showing blocks of wood which ensure short measure.

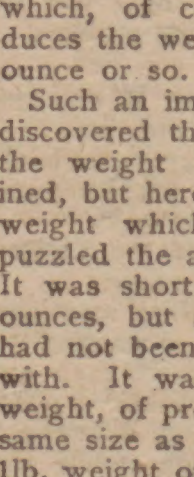
False measures of this kind, however, have only to be inspected to be instantly detected, but here is a very ingenious cup which for long was successfully used to defraud the "drouthie" (thirsty) ones of Glasgow.

Here there is no question of a false bottom; the measure holds the correct quantity, and you might examine it for a long time without seeing where the fraud comes in.

Now let us fill it with water, though not that but whisky was what the Glaswegians used to get from it, and pour the water out. We put in half a quartern, but less comes out. Where has it gone to?

It doesn't matter how you pour it out; you may turn the measure upside down if you like, but a certain and appreciable amount of liquid will always be retained in the hollows of the band round the centre. That innocent-looking cup made the fortunes of more than one thieving Glasgow publican.

Fraudulent weights are, as a rule, lighter than they pretend to be, but not always. Here, for example, is what purports to be a 14lb. weight, but when weighed in the balance it is found not wanting, but to weigh a few ounces over twenty pounds.



A whisky measure which made a Glasgow publican's fortune.

It was used by a marine store dealer when he was buying old metal, etc. A customer, we'll say, brought in twenty pounds of lead to sell. His lead more or less exactly balanced the fourteen pounds weight, and he was paid for fourteen pounds.

He might be suspicious, but there was the weight properly stamped, as every weight and measure used by a tradesman is required to be, though some have two sets, one official, the other very, very unofficial.

The rascally dealer had got hold of a genuine 14lb. weight, and soldered another lump of metal on it, allowing the whole to get so rusty and dirty that the join could not be perceived by very keen eyes.

WEIGHTS THAT WILL NOT BEAR INSPECTION.

In the case of weights made of hard metals, such as brass and copper, a plug of lead is often inserted in a hole in the bottom, so that they may be quickly and easily stamped on this plug. The fraudulent shopkeeper removes this plug, substituting for it one of cork or putty, which, of course, reduces the weight by an ounce or so.

A risky pair of scales.

Such an imposture is discovered the moment the weight is examined, but here is a 1lb. weight which at first puzzled the authorities. It was short by some ounces, but apparently had not been tampered with. It was an iron weight, of precisely the same size as a genuine 1lb. weight of the same shape. Although not an official weight it looked all right; there was no leaden plug, the unofficial stamp being on the top. It had not been cut in any way, nor was it hollow.

The authorities cut it in two and the secret was revealed. The metal had been cast round a lump of wood.

LEAD FOR BRASS.

Here in the case of a heavy brass weight is a different kind of fraud. The weight was correct, but when split open it was found to contain a big core of lead. The buyer had bought a lot of lead at the price of brass.

At one time porcelain weights used to be used in the tea trade, but a rascally-minded merchant found that by alternately heating and cooling the weights he could make them considerably lighter. Porcelain weights are no longer favoured in the tea trade.

Now we come to scales, and here the devices of the rogue are legion. The manufacture of dishonest scales is such a risky business that they come very expensive, and are not much used. Moreover, the swindler caught with fraudulent scales in his possession has no escape. He is guilty on the face of it.

But there are various ways of manipulating honest scales which have been officially passed as true. A common dodge is to fix a piece of fat to the underside of the scale in which the goods are placed. Of course, it takes a pretty big piece of fat to make much difference, but even one ounce short on every sale means a considerable profit.

A cunning but common fraud. The stall is not level.

Bolder swindlers use lead instead of fat, but it has to be fastened on in some way, whereas the fat adheres by itself and can instantly be removed, should danger threaten.

Sometimes a piece of thread or very fine string is affixed to the bottom of the goods-pan, the string passing through a tiny hole in the counter and being attached to the operator's foot, or to a pedal on the floor.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

But this form of swindle is open to the objection that the operator is apt to be caught red-handed, and a piece of string attached to the scale and passing through the counter takes a lot of explaining away.

The safest frauds, from the rogue's point of view, are those where it is possible to plead ignorance.

Without making any charge against them as a class, for many of them are honest men, street tradesmen are often guilty of the following device: From the front legs of their stall they cut off an inch or two so that the counter or board from which they sell and on which the scales are placed is never quite level. The result is that the scales always tip a trifle to one side, and in whose favour the dip is is easily guessed. If the rogue is suspected and charged, his defence is that he never noticed it, or that the street was uneven.

As the law stands at present, it is not in itself an offence to give short weight or measure. To obtain a conviction you must be able to prove that the tradesman meant to defraud you, as for example, by using false weights or measures. In short, with one exception, the customer is supposed to look after himself. That exception is in the case of coal.

THE HANDICAPPED COAL-MERCHANT.

When you buy coal, whether from a merchant or a street hawker he must give you with it a "delivery ticket" stating the exact weight of coal sold you. If he gives you short weight, he can be proceeded against at once, intention to defraud being presumed, whereas in the case of a butcher selling you 4lb. of meat as 5lb. you would have to prove that he knew what he was doing.

The street coal-merchant, however, with the fear of an inspector suddenly racing up in a motor-car, in which he carries his testing apparatus, ever before his grimy eyes, provides himself with two sets of delivery tickets, the one, correct, for the inspector, the other, incorrect, for the customer.

The Inspectors of Weights and Measures, of whom there are some five hundred, do excellent work, but the penalties provided by law are inadequate.

In Germany, the thieving tradesman when caught is very heavily fined, often imprisoned, while the Government placards his shop with notices describing his offence.

A. L. GARTON.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

TROOPER KERNAHAN'S "WINNER"

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

In certain Territorial Regiments the custom of awarding an honorarium to the men who "run-up" recruits still holds, despite the shafts of caustic criticism levelled at it by those who are minus the persuasive tongue and discrimination so necessary in the successful "runner-up."

In the King's Own Royal Regiment Blankshire Yeomanry the amount awarded to the sponsor of the new recruit was the huge sum of two shillings, and Kernahan, receiving that sum in threepenny bits, sixpences, and coppers from the Sergeant-Major, who thought it a huge piece of wit thus to pay, had often observed that it did not cover half the cost of the round of drinks that formed the recruit's necessary "holy water."

Times, as he frequently remarked, were too hard to allow of the godfathering of recruits. He was not, however, averse to introducing a good man to fill a vacancy, and after the recruit's first drill or two was over the experts would buzz among themselves: "Smart man that new recruit of Kernahan's. . . . Old K. has found another winner!"

In introducing a new member to Squadron "B" every old trooper was decidedly careful. Kernahan would as soon have thought of running up a slacker as the proper sort of clubman would think of proposing a bounder for his club. Thus it was the habit of the Sergeant-Major, when a vacancy occurred, to take Trooper Kernahan aside, bind him over to secrecy until the Quarterly Orders Book came out, and ask him to select a young man worthy to bear the honour of membership of Squadron "B" forthwith.

Thus it came to pass that when certain veterans resigned it was Sergeant-Major Brighton who bore the news first of all to Troopers Kernahan, Stephen, and Carteret in the lounge of the "Meteor" Hotel.

"Some time during the next fortnight," said he, "we must bring the Squadron up to strength. You know the sort, Kernahan. Not slackers, nor button-polishers, with no intention of turning up to musketry. This is *not* a smack at you, Carteret. You've been very energetic lately——"

Trooper Carteret bowed.

"You were Kernahan's first winner," said the Major, a little huskily. He pulled at his briar thoughtfully. His troopers knew that the best of all sergeant-majors was looking back over the dimming years. They waited politely until he should come to earth again.

"They join the regiment," the Sergeant-Major mused. "They sort o' blush when I ask 'em the questions set in the attestation forms, and throw out their rather narrow chests before the doctor, while *I* do the measurin' with a slack tape if they're the right sort, assignin' them the extra two inches they don't possess.

"I'm only anticipating a little. They'll pull that up, I know, before the end of the year. . . . Then there's recruits' drill. Lord! I've seen 'em quiver when I've just spoken to 'em persuasively! Then they get from that to smartness; efficient in drill and musketry. And after that it's mounted drill at high nervous tension, followed again by efficiency. . . . A few camps on a Government-hired horse—and then my boys ride off on horses of their own into the world. Resigned!"

The Sergeant-Major smiled and raised his glass.

"The K.O. present and past," said Kernahan softly.

"You've a knack of hitting it," said the Sergeant-Major, rising. "Good night, you boys."

"Night, Major."

"There, by the grace of God," said Carteret fervently, "goes the best Sergeant-Major in England."

"For whom," said Trooper Alexander, the eminently practical, "you've to find at least one good recruit within the next fortnight."

"But I've exhausted my stock," said Kernahan. "A man can't find Carterets and Alexanders every day."

"After *that*," said Alexander, smiling, "it's up to me to ask you what you're drinking?"

* * * * * * *

It was Trooper Kernahan's habit on Sunday mornings to take a ride over the marshlands in the cool of early day, while the Sabbath-lazers slept the sleep of the over-stimulated on Saturday night, or, as they consumed a very late breakfast in bed, reviled those who took any manner of exercise.

On the Sunday morning of which I write, however, Kernahan had taken one of Carteret senior's young colts out, *vice* Peacock, temporarily disabled by slight lameness contracted at the last mounted drill.

"Guv'nor calls him Satanic," Trooper Carteret had warned him. "Don't say I haven't told you, if he chucks you off."

"Like 'em with a bit of spirit," said Kernahan, not without slight misgivings of the evil eye of the young colt, but determined, like a good huntsman, to give in only when carried off on a hurdle.

Having danced for the edification of a couple of milk-cart horses and reared for his own delectation, Satanic that morning bade fair to distinguish himself. Trooper Kernahan, riding, of course, in mufti, decided to let him tire himself of these circus tricks as soon as he got him on to the marshlands beyond Brermouth.

"You've been pulling my arms out on your *own* account," said Kernahan, when they reached the open. "Now, my boy, you shall go for *me!*"

Upon that word he applied whip and spur, for Kernahan was not the man to let a horse get the mastery of him; and Satanic promptly responded by wrenching his head free, taking his bit between his teeth, and—almost flying!

When matters are like this the prudent horseman always sits still and allows it to appear that the horse's way is *his* way.

Kernahan accordingly sat still, and experienced one of the fastest gallops of his life—the average time of which was scarcely beaten by his ride to victory on the Colonel's horse in the Nethersett Grand Military.

Satanic stopped for nothing, and flew dykes and small mounds with equal facility.

They were speeding out of the marshland into some pasturage fringed by a small wood, and seeing that piece of country, Kernahan made several desperate attempts to turn his horse, who was making very straight for a place where the tree clumps were thickest.

Wondering whether to throw himself out of the saddle and chance it, or sit still and trust to the luck of the horse picking a galloping ground among the trees, where there were no low branches to unseat him, with perhaps worse consequences, Kernahan took his feet out of the stirrups. . . . The next second he was conscious of a thundering of hoofs behind him.

Then a big horse drew up beside him, and a ragged-sleeved arm stretched out and took a firm grasp at the off rein.

The possessor of the ragged arm was dragged off his bare-backed mount. There was a hazy, bumpy interval—and Kernahan became conscious that Satanic was standing quivering, that the ragged young man, his good-natured face flushed, was patting Satanic's steaming neck.

Kernahan dismounted, and took stock of his rescuer with a nicely calculating eye.

"I—I say," he half-stammered, "you're just the chap we're looking for—for 'B' Squadron of the Yeomanry!"

II.

"Where did you find him?"

"There isn't anything he can't do on a horse."

"Where does he come from?"

It was such questions as these that assailed Trooper Kernahan's ear—that Trooper Kernahan who was praying that the Squadron might not recognise that the riding kit worn by the new recruit, Trooper Brant, was his own "second best" rig-out. To all these queries Kernahan merely replied that he was satisfied with Trooper Brant from all points of view.

It was with half a wink that he hinted to the Sergeant-Major that his recruit would come in handy catching the runaways of the newly-joined and highly nervous subalterns at the next camp.

"That's almost a year hence," said the Sergeant-Major. "But absolutely *entre nous*, Kernahan, I think he will have an opportunity before then."

"*Our* lieutenants don't turn up at casual mounted drills in the off season," said Kernahan. "What are you getting at, Major?"

"I must imitate the Biblical example of asking a question to answer yours. What, in your opinion, constitutes the hardest job the Regiment, mounted, has to perform during the whole of the Yeomanry year?"

"Reviews," responded Kernahan, promptly. "More especially gallopin' past the saluting base with swords at the carry."

"Well"—the Sergeant-Major's voice dropped—"the Brigadier-General of this command may or may not be turning up here—in Brermouth—for an inspection of all surrounding Territorial units about a fortnight from date. . . Early information, Kernahan, is useless unless precise. Therefore, I do not publish abroad."

"I see," said Kernahan. "How does my recruit shape in his drills?" he added, innocently.

"A little *more* of your coaching in private, you old fox," responded the Sergeant-Major genially, "will make him very well up to weight-for-age."

"You're an observant young man," said Kernahan, laughing.

"I could enumerate inside half a minute the names of all the gentlemen in this Squadron who take a personal interest in—dry-nurse, coach, or baby-farm—their recruits, Mr. K. Such excellent young men are sent to assist over-worked Sergeant-Majors, and they are angels, almost without disguise!"

Sergeant-Major Brighton, giving Kernahan the finger-to-peak informal salute, departed.

Kernahan collided with his cheery-faced young recruit against the machine-gun section's Gatling, where he was instructing a brother "raw" in the mysteries of "draw-swords."

Kernahan beckoned him.

"Wait until you can do it properly yourself, lad," said he. "And—come here, I want to speak to you. Would you like to attend a review?"

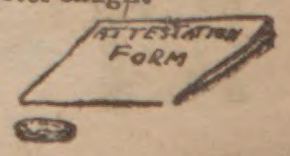
"Rather!" The boy—he was little else—was enthusiastic, for all that he was the son of a small and practically bankrupt farmer.

"Don't jump at conclusions. I haven't told you there is likely to be one yet. How did you get through your first mounted drill?"

"Well. Very well. But my 'orse was rather a trouble, not being used to the job like. Pullin' the guvnor's old trap's more in his line. We bred him ourselves."

"I see. Too good for that sort of job, but no matter. Good night——"

"I say, Mr. Kernahan." The youngster caught



at the big trooper's arm. "If there was likely to be a review you'd see as they didna' leave me out on it?"

"Of course, kid," said Kernahan.

"Thank ye." Kernahan's *protégé* departed satisfied in the undisputed might of his Conferer of Benefits.

The next evening the Sergeant-Major's premonition was officially confirmed. A typewritten sheet on the notice-board informed all whom it might concern that the Brigadier-General of the Eastern Command purposed reviewing certain definitely detailed units of the Territorial Force around Brermouth, including Squadrons "A" and "B" of the King's Own.

That night there came to Trooper Kernahan an almost weeping Trooper Brant.

"What's up?" asked Kernahan. "I've already asked the Sergeant-Major to include *you* on account of your horsemanship."

"But, my uniform!" said the young man, despairingly.

"Of course." Kernahan whistled.

"Tailor's got your measurements?"

"Went last Saturday, three o'clock."

"Got your saddlery, helmet, jack-boots, etcetera, from headquarters?"

"Four o'clock, Saturday."

"H—m. You haven't lost much time. Well, I'll try to arrange it with the tailors for you. I know the cutter. Decent chap when you savvy how to treat him. Good night, Trooper."

Kernahan smiled.

"I say, Mr. Kernahan——"

"Hullo."

The young man looked at his boot.

"D' you know I'm somethin' glad your horse ran away with you that Sunday!"

"Well——." Kernahan coughed. "I am, too. Good night."

"Good night."

* * * * * * *

There is a certain newspaper cutting which Trooper Kernahan keeps locked up with such things as are mementos. Yet while there are those he delights to look at over and over again, his fingers when he touches that paper-cutting by mischance shiver, and he does not re-read those words which long since have burned themselves in his brain.

It is a short cutting, and runs, in bold newspaper phase, as follows:

"While Brigadier-General Sir R. H. P.——— was reviewing the Brermouth and District Territorial Force on Thursday afternoon a sad accident occurred, in which Trooper Brant, a newly-joined recruit of the local Squadron of Yeomanry, was fatally injured. As the troop was riding past the saluting point at the gallop, Trooper Brant's horse stumbled and fell, throwing him under the advancing line. Those behind pulled up with magnificent promptitude, but Trooper Kernahan, who was the first to dismount and go to the unfortunate young man's assistance, found him unconscious and severely injured. . . . The brougham of a gentleman watching the review was immediately placed at his disposal, but the ministrations of the doctors at the hospital were of no avail. . . . The date of the funeral, which will be of military character, is not yet fixed."

Certain details of the above paragraph have been omitted, but the paragraph itself omitted to state several things.

Among them were the words of Kernahan, who spoke heavily outside the deserted drill-hall that night to Troopers Casteret, Stephen, Hall, and the Sergeant-Major.

He was a different Kernahan from usual.

Gone was his usual confidence and air of strength.

In its place was a quiet, sad look about his eyes, and his friends did not dare to offer him sympathy.

"Boys," said he, "he was glad my horse ran away 'that Sunday.' He is—was—my last 'winner'!"

And even the Sergeant-Major made no comment.

SOME OF THE DETAILS THAT COUNT.

Give any two men of similar appearance and social station identical outfits, each made to fit them perfectly by a good tailor or outfitter, and it is a moral certainty that one of them will look better dressed than the other.

What is the reason?

It is that one possesses the art of putting his clothes on well, and the other does not.

The cut of the clothes is not everything. Even the best tailor cannot turn some men out to look respectable, while others will look well dressed in quite inexpensive or even old clothes.

A detail which rarely gets the attention it requires is the adjusting of the braces, which should be done specially for every suit, since no two pairs of trousers are exactly alike. I have seen men whose appearance was entirely spoilt by the fact that one trouser was braced slightly higher than the other.

It may seem absurdly critical to observe such trifling points, but it is just these details that make the difference, and not merely the cut or the fit of the suit, or even the creasing or the brushing of the trousers.

Then, again, a man's tie is often the means of spoiling his claim to appear well dressed. The man who seems to be always immaculately attired has the knack of tying his tie so that the knot is always just the right size, and, above all, in the right place—as high as possible with a double collar or close up to the wings on a wing collar, so that the stud is not shown.

The band of his tie, in the latter case, will lie flat and smooth round the lower edge of the collar, even if it has to be kept in place by invisible clips or by a loop at the back of the shirt.

If he wears a bow tie it will not be a made-up one, but it will be quite as perfect in shape.

His cuffs also will always show about half an inch below the edge of his coat sleeves, a result that is easily enough obtained by choosing the size of one's shirts carefully or having the sleeves altered.

His waistcoat never seems to show creases across the front. The fact that the bottom button is never done up, and that there are slits at the sides over the hips, may have something to do with this, but it is mainly due to the fact that he knows how to wear his clothes as well as how to put them on well.

His suit is not made shapeless by the bulging out of all the pockets, and the coat pockets are used as little as possible. Such a man would rather undergo the comparative discomfort of carrying his handkerchief up his sleeve than to allow it to spoil the appearance of his coat by being kept in the breast pocket.

Often the difference lies most of all in the fact that the man who appears well dressed is also well groomed. His hair is kept trim and brushed and he never appears unshaven.

L. H. SAUNDERS.

THE SUMMER GALE.

A PLEASANT BUT DESTRUCTIVE INTERLUDE.

Few summers pass that are not soon later rudely interrupted by a period of terous winds that tear over the land few days, separating periods of the delightful heat.

There is for the outdoor man much pl to be got out of the summer gale, whe not too prolonged or too destructive.

The fishing rod must be laid aside tennis match cannot be fought, the c match is spoiled, the river pic-nic is a and a damp failure, and a man is th back upon himself, sent as it home to himself to see what he can d by way of active exercise or agreeable re tion until the winds have blown themse out and the sun rises one morning w calm and brilliant face, unobstructed by ing, curling wisps of wind-cloud and st wrack.

The best way to make something o days of the gale is to get out in it wi fixed purpose.

If there are jobs to be done by w repairs to tackle or sporting equipment, b means get them done, and then get out, in clothes that will not flap about in the w and preferably without a hat of any sort.

The gale will at once appeal to you. is a strong attraction in its rushing so No winter gale cries out in such full t The winter gale shrieks through le branches—shrieks and screams in a wild hurrying voice, but the summer gale d other music from the trees, now crowded their first strong foliage, and offering a resistance.

It is in the orchard that the gale w havoc. Here without ceasing the fruit co plopping down into the long wet gra "windfalls" the country people call th Only the strongest stems of pear and a can withstand the swish of the gale, many thousands come tumbling down to gathered into heaps and given to stock or to rot.

It seems a ruthless proceeding on Nat part, first to fill the boughs with swel fruit so that they hang with the weig and then to send a stripping wind that is not them of half their burden, but this is one only, or the deepest, mystery of Nature.

In the midst of the gale there come bu of sunshine from the parted clouds. The sky shows between the dark masses as if suggest that after all no harm was intended the raging gale. But the interval is b and the rent is covered by the following

Often above the round roar of the a splitting crash is heard, and some tree heavy in its luxuriant leafage, offers too a resistance to the wind and is brought cr ing to earth, tearing in its fall many branc from its neighbours' sides.

Dead limbs that need but a little swa to dislodge them come hurtling down at your head, and leaves fly through the air flocks of birds.

The cattle turn their backs upon the bla old rooks strive vainly against it, but carried back and dive to earth for shelter

And sometimes there comes up on the a black and laden rain cloud. With a ing and a drenching rush the drops fall. single flash of lightning and a roll of thun comes from its depths, and the storm pas on, leaving the trees drenched and further at the mercy of the wind.

But with the evening the gale dies do and as the lowering sun strikes acr drenched fields and soaking hedges its glitte ing reflection makes amends for the havoc the day, and a deeper peace marks the fall of night.

C. EASTON-GRAY.

...ING CAUTIONS

...TS THAT MAKE FOR SAFETY AND ENJOYMENT.

...re are hundreds of men who go down ...e river, if not the sea, in boats, and who ...ot as careful as they might be in manag... ...eir little craft.

...culling is a very delightful occupation, ...I would be the last to say that a man ...ld always have a boatman with him. ... would entail not only greater expense, ...it would restrict the number of the party ...friends and would in many ways be a ...back to the pleasure of a day's, or half a ..., boating on the river.

... is only the very fortunate few who ...able to become as familiar with the ways ... boat on the river as with a bicycle on ... The former are hidden from the ... of us simply because we do not ... to live on the edge of the river.

...OF PRACTICE.

...consequence is that we are not quite as ... we might be, when, once or twice in ...mer, we put on our lightest flannels and ...down to the riverside for a day on the ...r.

...hen asked if he can manage a skiff, ...a fairly sculler, no man cares to say that ...makes so." That would be to convict ...self of incompetence at once.

...ertheless, many men who go to the boat... ...and ask for a neat little skiff, have a ...ual feeling of uncertainty as to how ...l get along, especially for the first ... minutes.

...hey know how to scull quite well, that ...t the point.

...he danger is that though they will doubt... ...get along quite well, when they have re... ...ed the knack, there are so many diffi... ...ies to be overcome before the knack re... ...s and one can pull with the best of them.

...FIRST.

...t of us look upon the river day as a ... day because it comes so seldom. For ...reason we are not as confident as we ...t be, and after a year's absence from a ..., during which time we have travelled ...ething more unsteady than a bicycle or a ...'bus, we naturally feel that we have ...on rather a ticklish job.

...o sensible man would think of trying to ...y off his lack of experience by any fool... ...show or brag. That is the way to ...nd disaster.

...d, what is horribly galling, too, in this ...ction, is the free and cutting criticism ...the older hands. There is no place where ...ompetency is so openly and so severely ...cised as on the river.

...his is as it should be, since in no place ... stupidity and incompetence so dangerous.

...ESELY.

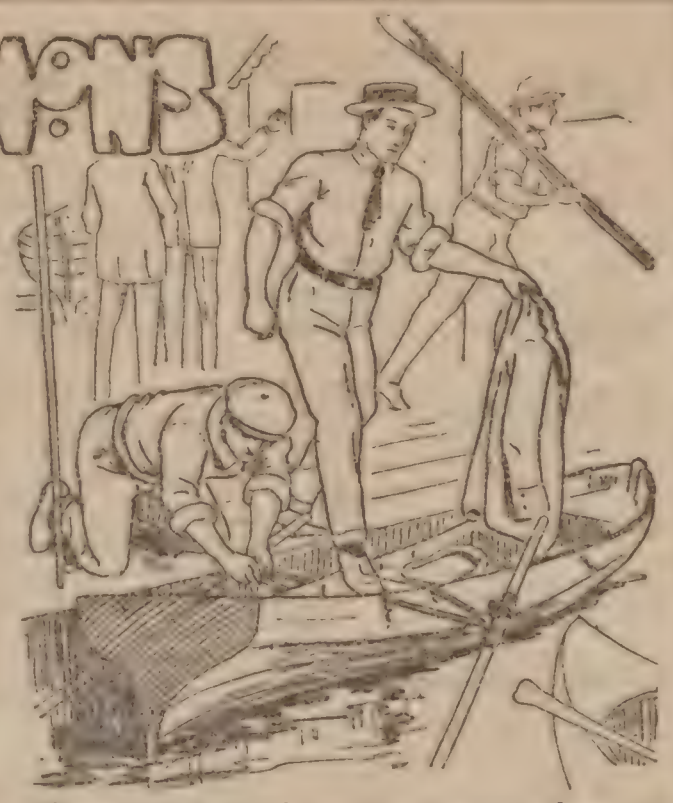
... will feel very awkward and clumsy, ..., when, after a year's absence from ..., you go down to the boathouse and ... skiff brought round to the landing ...

... slowly at everything, feel your way ... the scull, never minding whether for ... fifty strokes or so you do not make ... progress.

... try to get into a regular 'varsity ... swing before you are out of reach ... landing stage.

... you do, you will either crash into some ...each lying behind you, harmlessly ..., or you will smash somebody's ... a boat you had not observed to be ...

... short, quiet strokes, gently easing ... to the free way.



If you are going up stream, keep to either bank. You will get less opposition from the current. If down stream, get well into the current and get all the benefit possible from it.

Never step into your skiff unless it is being held by the boatman. You will escape many a wetting if you remember this precaution.

Boats are very tricky things and will resent any carelessness on your part.

HOW TO ENTER A BOAT.

Also, when stepping into the boat see that you step as nearly as possible directly into the middle of it. If you lurch into it with one foot on the landing stage and the other to one side of the boat you will certainly have an upset.

And it is very humiliating, to say nothing of the discomfort, to start a day's boating with a plunge, with all your clothes on.

A little gentle pushing with the boathook or the handle of the scull will generally send you out into clear water and you can get out the sculls at once and feel your way. Do not put all your strength into the first strokes.

It will be time enough to put forward all your reserves when, after a delightful day, you have left yourself about a third of the proper time to get back to the boathouse and catch your train home. Then pull, long and strong.

If it is your intention to land during the day, do not attempt this until one of the occupants of the boat has a firm hold of something reliable on shore. To make a shaky and unsteady leap from the bank will land you and the others in the water.

RECOVERING AN OAR.

A not unusual occurrence in the early stages of sculling is the loss of an oar. This happens from various causes. The oar is rather a handful to the man who has had, up to the time of the first day on the river, nothing larger than a tennis racquet or a bat in his hands.

In any case, when you let an oar slip out of your hands do not think it is gone for good and will sink!

It will float quite happily alongside. Above all do not make a lurch over the side of the boat in a frantic endeavour to recover it.

This is almost certain to upset you altogether.

Manœuvre quietly with the other oar and the rudder, and you will get to the runaway with ease. Then, gently leaning over, you can raise it and restore it to its proper place.

Lastly, is it necessary to say that no man should go sculling unless he can swim? I hope not. You must know how to swim first, and that, too, with your clothes on, which is by no means as easy as you might think.

C. FREEMANTLE.

A DIPLOMATIC ERRAND.

A HINT FOR THE SEEKER OF HOLIDAY QUARTERS.

It has probably been the lot of every cyclist and rambler to come across, in some peculiarly beautiful spot of country, a house that seems to be as near to the ideal holiday home as it is possible to get.

The English counties are peculiarly rich in homesteads such as I have in mind. They are picturesque, long, many-gabled places with an air of comfortable age about them that only comes with generations of preservation.

They are surrounded by all that appeals to an Englishman's best instincts. The farmsteading is large and well-kept, there is wood and stream, and lawn and meadow all around, and the tired city worker feels that in such a place he could spend a delightful week or month and get back to nature, forgetting all about parched pavements, sweltering crowds, and pressing traffic.

A peaceful, easy dignity sits well upon such homesteads. And as the cyclist slackens his pace as he catches sight of the house, he says to himself: "That's just the place I want to find."

And then, on a second glance, he sadly comes to the conclusion that he must look elsewhere for his holiday home, since such places as this one are not usually occupied by those who, to put it crudely, let lodgings to strangers.

So he wheels away wondering whether he will ever have the pleasure of even a short stay in such a perfectly charming house. And he falls back upon the advertised lodging-house with all its possibilities of discomfort and expensiveness.

Now I am not going to say that a man will find that the ideal place will always receive him "with open arms," but I do say, from experience, that many a man, judging merely from outward appearances, does often lose a chance of being received into these haunts of peace and comfort.

He misses the chance because he will not undertake a little delicate and diplomatic inquiry. And this is the way he should set about it.

Whether the occupiers of these premises are willing to let their rooms or not, there can be no possible harm in approaching them on the subject.

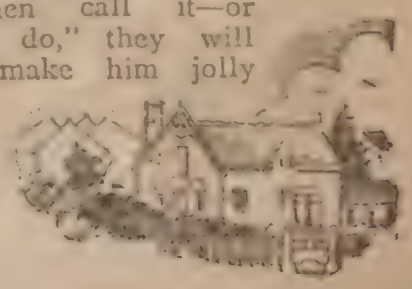
My plan is to go boldly up to the front door and ask to see someone in authority. Then, in a roundabout way, not directly getting to the subject, I say that I am so charmed with the neighbourhood—not the house—that I am thinking of finding rooms for a holiday visit. Could they possibly give me any idea where I should be likely to find suitable rooms in the neighbourhood?

Now this can only be taken as a compliment by the inmates of the house. They like to think that a stranger has approached them for a little assistance, and they are only too willing to give it.

But the great advantage of this method is that it opens the door to them to take the hint and offer their own hospitality, although by your attitude you have shown them that you did not suppose that they made a business of letting lodgings.

Much more frequently than you would imagine, you will find that in such houses there are folk who, though not making a business of it, are not averse to letting rooms occasionally to approved applicants. They have no need of the little money to be made in this way, but sometimes for the sake of company, or for the sake of a little extra loose cash—pin-money the women call it—or even for "something to do," they will welcome a stranger and make him jolly comfortable.

ROBERT WEST.



THE CALL OF THE SEA

My soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

LONGFELLOW.

To some men the sea makes no call at all. They are, perhaps, luckless wights who suffer from sea-sickness on the least provocation, or, maybe, even if they stick to land, sea-air makes them bilious and morose.

But to the average Briton the sea calls in a greater or less degree. It is only natural. We are a seafaring race, the sea is our bulwark, and some of the most glorious pages of our national history have been written in sea-water, a brine that doth not perish.

To some men the call of the sea is but feeble, to others it is a clarion shout. Like the reindeer, there are times when they turn their heads to the sea, and feel they must reach it or die.

An obsession, if you like, but an intoxicating thraldom. Between the busy merchant and his multifarious interests there suddenly obtrudes an insistent vision.

He cannot drive it away, that magical glimpse of a foam-girt bay, of green and sapphire waves tumbling and jostling in their haste to win the shore. In his ears reverberates the hoarse, crescendo surge of the big breakers. He feels the spume and spindrift blowing in his face. He lets business go, and hastens hot-foot to the sea that calls him in accents not to be denied.

The sick man dreams of tinkling wavelets, of shimmering yellow sands. He knows that if he can but reach the sea his palsy will fall away from him, that he will begin to take a very material interest in ham and eggs and porter-house steaks. He will be born again in the strong, salt baptism of the sea.

The professional sailor girds at the sea while he is afloat. He babbles of the day when he will retire and take an inland farm. Retirement usually finds him living in a shanty perched as close to the sea as possible, or travelling as a passenger on ocean-going liners.

Once the sea has cast her spell over you, you are the captive of her magic for ever and ever. To many men the sea is a lust.

* * * * * * *

What is the especial sorcery of the sea. Many and varied are her charms, but chief among them I count her majesty. There is nothing mean about the sea. Man's finite nature stretches always to the infinite. The boundlessness of the sea satisfies and soothes, even if it sometimes frightens him.

The sea is a rare touchstone of character. If a man is a man, the sea makes him still more manly. The littlenesses, the trivialities, the affectations of inland life drop from him like autumn leaves from a wind-swept tree. Men who live by or on the sea are always manly men. If they are bad, there is something splendid in their evil.

On the other hand, the sea increases the littleness of the little man, or apology for a man.

The seaside "dude," the seaside 'Arry, is the most objectionable of his kind. But he is not really of the sea. The sea can beautify a strong man, but it makes the small-minded man even uglier than he naturally is.

The pseudo-sportsman in Norfolk jacket, riding breeches, and a yachting cap might pass unnoticed in town or country, but the sea shows him up. The man who has a "yellow streak" in him had better keep away from the sea.

* * * * * * *

There are the sounds of the sea. To appreciate them you must get away from the herd, and seek some deserted spot, preferably by night, for darkness adds to the enchantment of the sea.

Lying there on some lonely promontory, the sea, if you will listen and are fit to hear, will talk to you.

She will whisper to you soft as a mother to a restless babe, or she will fill your ear with the tumult of battle.

There is an indescribable fascination about the surge of the sea. It is unlike any other noise on earth. It is at once a lullaby and an alarm. It suggests Titanic forces, yet it is an anæsthetic.

And strange cries come from the bosom of the sea. There are eerie mutterings and moanings, eldritch shrieks and strangled groans. Referable, no doubt, to perfectly natural causes, the action of wind, water, and air in caves and subterranean passages, yet suggestive of a Woman of Mystery, a Medusa-like creature, with baleful, unfathomable eyes, a thing of Terror and of Pain, of nameless deeds, unholy rites, the malignant, predestined unhappy instrument of an inexorable Power.

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A Woman of Mystery the sea, and how she mocks one. Your men of science, she cries, they have tried to trammel me, to analyse my circulation, to count the beatings of my heart. But what do they really know of me? Whence I came, whither I go, can they answer that? Do they really know why my bosom heaves and falls?

They know no more of me than man knoweth of the heart of woman.

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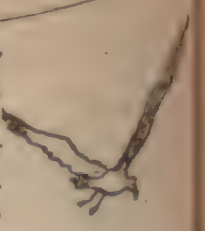
A Woman of Dread, the sea, a thing of nameless appetites. What is the food of the sea? Blood and bones, blood and bones! The sea that the little boy on the sea-shore gathers in his pail washed a few hours before the swollen corpse of a drowned sailor.

The little crabs that the aforesaid small boy is shortly going to take home to a lingering death came shorewards from a feast of human flesh. The fish, the lobsters that prosperous City men take home to dinner in wicker-baskets, what gives them their peculiar flavour, their tonic qualities of phosphorus? The lime, the phosphorus, the nitrogen that was in the bodies of drowned men.

Yet how enchanting can be this ghoul of a sea. She can smile like an angel. Happy children play with her and tease her and are not afraid. She moves in unindulating ripples like a graceful, well-bred woman. The voice is soft and low. She is the embodiment of tenderness. Impossible to suspect her of harm, still less of evil.

Nevertheless, there are not many seas but one sea. The sea that gently laps the ankles of the paddling youngsters, that upholds the strong swimmer in his course, is the same sea that tears the vitals out of ships and men; that, should the swimmer falter, will relentlessly drag him down to those awful depths where foul things lie waiting with snapping claws or writhing tentacles for their meal of man that was made in God's image.



That is the mystery and the horror of the sea. With one hand she deals bounteous life, with the other death. She makes the weak strong, the [illegible] and halt throw away their crutches at her bidding, disease turns away her hateful face from the [illegible] salt breezes. The breath of the sea is the breath of life.

None the less, the sea is a horrid Temple of Death. A grisly mausoleum of bleached skulls and bones, among which evil, creeping, blind-eyed things root and grub.

But out of this corruption, this submarine charnel-house, there cometh sweetness and light.

The sea rots the dead, but to the living it is elixir of life.

We would not bathe in a pond where we knew a dead body lay, but we delight in bathing in the sea, which is the winding-sheet of thousands upon thousands of men.

Does the immensity of the sea make any difference. None in reality. It is the same sea, whether it is a mile or a yard from shore.

The wavelets that trickle to [illegible] feet as one lounges on the [illegible] part of the seaman's shroud. The sea is a foul thing, when you come to think of it, yet not the least potent [illegible] her call is her magnificent cleansing.

She cleanses you physically, mentally, [illegible] as nothing else can. The mystery and [illegible] horror of the sea is a large part of her fascination.

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And there she is, untameable. We may [illegible] our leviathans, equip them with all manner of scientific devices. We may ring the shore with lighthouses and lightships. We may "nurse" [illegible] ship from port to port by means of wireless telegraphy. But the sea recks little of our [illegible] and continues to take her toll.

She is beautiful and treacherous as any [illegible] She throws her fatal net of fog, and the skilful mariner is powerless.

From her vasty depths she spews up [illegible] merged rock, and the lobsters and crabs in the neighbourhood wax fat.

Or she defies the men of science, and alters currents or changes the set of her tides, and gigantic ships are reduced to scrap-iron.

Sometimes she goes stark, staring, raving mad, and man, the Lord of Creation, can but cower and run. She is a false, vindictive, treacherous she-devil, yet we pour out blood and treasure for her. She swallows them up in her insatiable belly, and gives us back death, disaster, and desolation.

Untold treasure lies beneath the sea. Now and then we recover a few grains, and there is a hullabaloo.

The wastefulness of the sea is appalling. The tithe of the gold she holds would make every man rich.

We may curse the greedy sea, but she never cares for our oaths.

From land we have pretty well swept the sea. It is dangerous to man, but the sea harbours the land, and thousands of man's fiercest enemies [illegible] cannot get at them.

We use the sea for pleasure on sufferance. She is a great, big bully and we daren't hit back.

After all, what is the use of the sea? She gives us food, but we could exist without salt-water fish. She is a highway for commerce, but land could be more convenient.

She rings off the nations, and thereby hastens the millennium.

She is Britain's bulwark, but though we live by the salt of it, we are not the earth.

The sea is cruel, capricious, greedy, useless. Man loves her, when he has every reason to hate her.

Clearly then there is a magic about the sea. Wherein does it lie? It is hard to define. We hear the call, but we cannot analyse the notes.

As I write, the sea is calling me. I cannot realise that I am mewed up in some stuffy office. I am in the country. All things around me are green and fresh. There is a gentle sough of wind through the trees. The birds are twittering, there is a drowsy humming of busy bees, and all is peace.

Yet would I gladly give it all for a glint of the sea. There is a little cove I wot of, where the trippers cometh not. I want to lay myself on the broad bosom of the sea, and let her sport with me, knowing full well that it is a game that may suddenly change to deadly earnest.

There is a rocky point to one corner of my cove by which one may look far out to sea and watch the swift tide come swirling and leaping in. The swirl of the sea. Is there not something of fascination in the mere words?

I want to take my after-supper pipe to the edge of the cliffs, and lying there to listen to the whisperings of the sea, to see the sea-lights twinkling afar out, to catch the muffled cries of men as a fishing-boat flits phantom-like through the gloom, to sniff the many smells of the sea, to hear her voice a-calling, to peep beneath her phosphorescent veil, and see her dreadful, compelling beauty and wickedness, to thrill with the horror of those corpse-lit caves, those ghastly banqueting halls, where awful shapes mew and spit and writhe and fight for tempting morsels of my fellow-man.

The sea is calling me, and, come what may, I must go. I love her best when she is angry. Then she buffets and stings one with driving spray, and smashes at one's feet, seeking to devour me. But I love the sea in any and every mood from petulant to clinging courtesan. I love her, man-eating devil though she be.

NORMAN FRASER.

SHARPENING PENCILS.

If you want to hear the average man swear with an unwonted lustiness, get him to sharpen a pencil for you. It is a strange thing that few people know the right way of doing it.

Either they do not take off enough wood, and so leave a stumpy projection of lead which soon wears down to nothingness, or they make a long stiletto-like point which breaks at once. The tip is to rest the lead on one finger while you are cutting it, and to shave gently downwards until you have made a good point.

INDOOR GAMES FOR SPORTSMEN.

It will sometimes happen that a man who is giving a social evening in his rooms to a party of friends, finds that the proceedings are "hanging fire" somewhat; and he casts about for something to amuse his guests.

There are two indoor games of an irresponsible nature that may be amusing to sports-

Have you ever tried "indoor putting golf?" It is a thing on the carpet or linoleum of your floor, and invite your friends to "putt" with a small india-rubber ball and their walking sticks. Much merriment is caused if, instead of a ball, you use a cork; for the angles at which the latter will leave the "putt" will have all the charm of variety and unexpectedness.

Indoor cricket is amusing at times. Put a folded newspaper on the floor for a wicket, use the coal-shovel for a bat, a paper, screwed up and tied in a handkerchief for a ball, and run round the room various obstacles which the batsman "out" if he hits the ball against them. No hit can count more than five, and when stipulate that any man who makes more than five shall pay forfeit in cigarettes all round, and you will see batsmanship worthy of Lord's or the Oval.

FRAUDS OF THE TURF

SOME FORMS OF CHICANERY THAT ARE NOT UNCOMMON IN THE SPORT OF KINGS.

In the spacious smoking-room of the great sporting club men are held in a spirit of tense excitement. Flimsy newssheets, freshly handed in by shrieking newsboys, are passed from hand to hand, or eagerly perused by little knots of peering readers who chatter excitedly. The details of one of the greatest races of the year are being discussed; and the chief topic is the extraordinarily easy victory of an absolute outsider.

"Won by the length of a street!" "The second was ten lengths away!"——are remarks that arise above the hum of voices; and one man asks, addressing nobody in particular, "Good lord! What do you make of it?"

Seated alone, almost unnoticed in his big arm-chair, a quiet sportsman glances over the details, unconcerned with the general babel of tongues. Then he puts the paper away.

"H'm!" is his only comment. "A job."

And he is right. When you see a horse that has not apparently been backed by a soul who counts romp away with a big race you can be pretty sure that its owner, and the stable employed by him, have been playing their cards very cleverly—and, in a great many cases, their cleverness is not innocent of a certain amount of shadiness.

"PULLING."

One of the most elementary forms of racing "on the crook"—a form which the very strict ruling and vigilance of the Jockey Club has now rendered practically impossible—is simply to bet, quietly but extensively, against your own horse; and then manage, in some way or other, so that he is beaten. In such a case, the most favoured method is to have him ridden by a jockey whose self-respect is not of the highest, and to give the rider instructions to "pull" him as stealthily as possible at the crucial moment of the race.

In some cases this has been done so cleverly that, though the Stewards of the meeting have entertained grave suspicions, they have hesitated to express them. A smart rider will be able, in many cases, to make a horse's sudden slackening of speed appear to be the result of absolute exhaustion; indeed, to all intents and purposes, he will seem to be urging his mount to put forth every ounce of strength left in him.

But, though this form of fraud is very difficult to practise nowadays, the same end is often attained in other ways. A favourite method is to "diddle" the handicapper.

WORKING UP HIS PRICE.

For instance, suppose that a "smart" owner has a really "crack" horse and wishes to make as much money out of him as possible. He naturally wants to get him as well "let in" and as favourably quoted in the betting as can be managed. What does he do?

He runs him in a small race of no consequence among horses of inferior class, and either by means of imperfect training or by administering undesirable food—from the trainer's point of view—just before the race, manages that the horse should make a poor show, and either be beaten or snatch a feeble victory by the narrowest of margins.

Thus in an important race, among crack horses, his animal is judged to have only the remotest chance. And it is handicapped and quoted in the betting accordingly. But probably it romps home an easy winner; or, if the owner and jockey are very clever, the victory is made to appear hardly won. But it is "a job" all the same. Of course, the owner and the stable have been quietly dribbling money on it in various quarters; and they pick up a very satisfactory "parcel" over it.

Trials are often utilised in furtherance of the same end. For instance, a really good horse will be tried against another—known to be inferior—but it will secretly be heavily weighted so as only to make a poor show. The touts who are watching the trial will wire the news to London, when the horse will rapidly go down in the betting.

If a shady owner knows that his horse has been so well let in as to be a moral certainty, he may indulge in what is known as "sophisticating the odds." He takes two or three of the leading bookmakers into his confidence. He arranges that the market should be so set as to make some other horse favourite, in order, of course, to get a better quotation about his own.

CAUSE FOR WONDER.

Thus it is that those not "in the know" are left wondering why a horse that started, say, at 6 to 4 on, was ignominiously defeated by one that was quoted at 10 to 1 against (offered).

Of course, the bookmakers field heavily against all the other runners in order to be in a position to pay the unscrupulous owner the stiff sum he demands for his exclusive information. Naturally, he does not openly demand it, but he backs his horse *with them* for a big stake; and this comes to the same thing.

Very often a "sporting" owner will back his horse for an immense sum of money. To invest, say, £10,000 to win £4,000 is not unusual among wealthy owners. Well, when this is done, a bookmaker will find it worth his while to make the issue of the race safe before the barrier is raised.

This is always done by getting at the trainer or—if he is incorruptible—the jockey. Such a practice is by no means so uncommon as some sturdy champions of the honour of the Turf would like to believe.

R. B. HARDING.

SMOKING CYCLISTS.

It is not advisable to smoke when cycling; for many reasons. One of them is that the smoker-cyclist is apt to bite too hard on pipe, or cigar, or cigarette, and to cause a strain on the face muscles.

Another is that owing to the harder breathing induced by cycling, the smoker is sure to inhale a lot of smoke, to the detriment of his wind.

Yet a third reason is the danger that at any moment a shower of red-hot ash may come from the pipe or other "smoke" and find the corner of the cyclist's eye. It is a very cool rider who can receive a whiff of ash in his eyes and keep a steady seat.

The impulse is to raise the hand and this often upsets the even running of the machine. The eyes, too, involuntarily close, and in the endeavour to alight before the machine reaches hedge or ditch or other dangerous obstruction, the cyclist often falls off.

Much the same thing happens when a fly gets into the eye. The pain is exquisite. It is a safe plan to keep the eye closed and stop the machine as steadily as possible and then, even with the eyes shut, a foot can be put down on one side.

SLOW BOWLING

AN ARTICLE FOR CRICKETERS.
By ROBERT ABEL.

It is always amazing to me that we have not more slow bowlers in England, and particularly lob bowlers, especially when, during the present season, slow bowling has proved such a great success.

The Worcestershire amateur, G. H. Simpson-Hayward has reminded us that the art of lob bowling is almost an unknown quality, and so far as I can recall there are only two counties who have worthy representatives of the art that was once the most common form of bowling.

Kent last year had D. W. Carr, and I believe he will assist his adopted county again at the end of the summer, his duties as a schoolmaster preventing him from lending his indeed useful aid earlier in the year.

MY OWN COUNTY.

I am quite sure that the county of Surrey would give a very great deal to have a first-class slow bowler in their ranks, particularly one who could send down good lobs. I do not know why it is that our young men are so very anxious to excel in fast bowling, but they seem to think that everything can be sacrificed to pace, and that the whole merit in sending down the ball to the batsman is to send it down as fast as possible.

It is quite true that there is always a demand for fast bowlers. It is also true that there are very few of them and they last a very little while. It was my good fortune to play with Tom Richardson at his very best, and I have often stood lost in admiration for the Mitcham giant, who would send them down hour after hour on an August afternoon in the most whole-hearted fashion possible, but the strain soon told on him, as it does on nearly all.

BROKEN UP.

For instance, Mr. Bradley, of Kent, was for a few years a tower of strength to his county, but, while still very young, he had to give it up.

Another example is Mr. Walter Brearley, of Lancashire. He, I understand, received an injury in the early part of the season which will keep him out of the game for the rest of the year.

Very few men are like Buckenham, of Essex, whose methodical and systematical run makes him look like a racehorse coming along, but he never seems to tire.

Walter Mead, another Essex bowler, has a medium pace and is over forty years of age, he has a regular action, which is most interesting to watch, and he can keep on hour after hour without tiring in the least.

A GOOD OLD CUSTOM.

Now slow bowling is really as effective as fast. It used to be a recognised thing to start an innings with a fast bowler at one end and a slow bowler at the other—a valuable hint to my young captain friends. It is very puzzling to alter your play, and a shooter from a slow bowler is sometimes found more difficult than a shooter from a fast bowler.

This is so for two reasons; first, because the batsman has made up his mind for a slow time and is less prepared for fast; and, secondly, because the slow bowler gives his pitch further up, and, therefore, if the fast ball shoots quicker, the slow ball has a shorter distance to shoot into the wicket.

A great writer on cricket has laid it down that every bowler should start with slow bowling, and I would add with lob bowling, simply because the length of a slow bowler is more accurate than that of a fast one, while the bowler can vary his pace unobserved without altering his action or delivery, and the ball will hit the wicket.

THE STRENGTH OF THE SLOW BALL.

Also the slow ball must be watched in play itself. If you watch some of the slow bowlers of to-day, you will notice that they begin with a delivery which can easily be played back, then follow up with a much higher toss and slower pace, pitching a little short of the usual spot. The object is to deceive the batsman's eye as regards the distance, for he at once throws forward to a length which is at all times dangerous, and as it rises higher, becomes more dangerous still.

Sussex had a good lob bowler in Walter Humphreys, and I remember quite well that he took hundreds of wickets and "stuck up" the Australians, who used to ride rough shod over every other county. But they found they looked very ridiculous indeed before this simple bowler, and many is the laugh I have had at the expense of celebrated batsmen and their inability to play bowling with which they ought to be familiar from the earliest moment that they have taken the bat in hand.

To-day in club cricket we very rarely see a lob bowler, although there are more catches and chances offered from this kind of bowling than any other.

George Dennett, of Gloucestershire, is the best slow bowler before the public. He is a fine slow left-hand bowler with a quick, circular swing and first-rate power of finger-work His break away is very sharp on sticky wickets.

FAMOUS LEG-BREAK MEN.

A. O. Jones, the Notts captain, is a slow leg-break bowler. L. C. Braund, of Somerset, is a good bowler on sticky wickets and was our best leg-break man in this respect. Usually it is not expedient to use this kind of man on a sticky wicket.

E. G. Hayes, of Surrey, now unfortunately so badly injured, is a slow bowler. He tosses the ball up and pitches on the leg stump; he apparently puts on a good deal of finger-work, but scarcely makes the ball turn at all. He has done splendid work for his county.

There is plenty of scope for young players in all classes of cricket if they can bowl a slow ball effectively, for a good slow bowler should find a place in every team.

THE SPORTSMAN,
THE GARDENER,
THE CYCLIST,
THE PHOTOGRAPHER,
THE INVESTOR,

will all find announcements of special interest to them on page 3 of the cover.

THE AMERICAN UNDESIRABLE

SOME TYPES WE NEITHER LIKE NOR REQUIRE.

The American invasion is once again in full swing, a fact which we regard with anything but satisfaction. Throughout the country, any city or town that has historical associations—and especially the Metropolis—is thronged with uncanny beings who appear to the observer as visitors from another—and inferior—world.

Candidly, we do not like the American. He is an uncouth individual. His soul is attuned to European ways. Garbed in garments of aggressive ugliness, he prowls through the streets of our towns, sliding rather than walking, for he scarcely lifts his feet from the ground.

Now and again, he will stop dead in front of some quiet pedestrian, and, without the slightest attempt at excuse for thus arresting him, drawl out some such question as "Lei—cester Square. Where *is* it, anyhow?" The aggrieved tone in which he asks suggests that all the citizens of London are in league to conceal Leicester Square from him, and there is, at the same time, a suspicion of menacing note in his voice, as though there would be trouble if he is not instantly directed thereto. And once the desired information is obtained he slouches off again without the slightest word of thanks.

It is an old but excellent saying that we should do in Rome as Rome does. But the Yankee does not appreciate its good points. To a highly civilised people, in the matter of clothes, he is a walking eye-sore.

He affects abominable little, flat, absurdly-fashioned suits, for the most part grey ones, of an effeminate silky texture, and freakish shoes that make him look as though he turned his toes in. He makes no effort to adapt himself to the quieter customs of this country.

Contrast the Englishman on a visit to Paris. He realises, instinctively, that he is a visitor in a city where civilisation has attained its highest pitch; and he endeavours to appear as little incongruous as possible.

Whenever he desires any information he asks for it, possibly in imperfect French, but with an unmistakable politeness that makes strangers delighted to assist him.

But the American undesirable is not concerned to be polite. So long as he gets what he wants, why then he reckons he can keep the frozen face to tarnation principles of etiquette that he has no use for.

Consider the Yankee who has "made good." As soon as he has accumulated a few thousand pounds, and thus has obtained a fairly promising footing upon the ladder of business success, his outward demeanour becomes unbearable. Perhaps he has a couple of two rooms in a large block of offices. From morning till night he "hustles" around, flying up and down in the lifts, scurrying along passages, and bullying the office boys as though the whole place belonged to him. Instead of quietly proceeding with his work as before, and making unobtrusive progress in the world, as the average Englishman would do, he seeks to increase his business by bluff and bounce.

He cannot help his nasal singsong, he cannot, perhaps, help his naturally loud and aggressive appearance, but he can refrain from bawling in public places, for instance in a theatre, when he addresses another Yankee some distance off. He can dress in quieter clothing, and practise a more civilised manner. Until he does these things we want none of him or his kind.

R. R.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

MR. PENTLAND'S EVENING WALK

By E. WALE LANG.

The evening looked like rain as Mr. Pentland put on his waterproof coat.

The housekeeper helped him into it, and then watched him as he filled his pipe.

She was a little, dried-up old lady, reputed to have been his nurse in childhood, always dressed in black, with blue, rather wistful, eyes. They looked at him now, as they rested on him, with a dim shadow of affection, as though she saw not only the middle-aged man, but the boy he had been, and perhaps every stage from those days onward.

He was a handsome man altogether, clean-shaven, with fair hair, a healthily-tinted skin, and pleasantly frank grey eyes. A bachelor, he lived in a house of his own at Beckwell-on-Thames, and went up to the City five mornings out of the week by the 9.25 train, travelling first-class. Saturdays he played golf, Sunday mornings he went to church, being friendly with the vicar.

He was popular, especially among men, but although he had many acquaintances he was intimate with few. They found him a trifle punctilious in social respects. For instance, he never accepted an acquaintance without being previously invited, and he expected a similar consideration himself.

In business he was secretary to an old-established firm of merchant shippers, doubtless a position of high remuneration in view of the comfortable style in which he lived. His house was detached, standing back from the road, with a good garden behind. It was of a fair size, and he kept two servants—the housekeeper and a young maid—for he was not one who required elaborate attentions. A gardener was there two days a week to keep the place in order.

Mr. Pentland, of Beckwell-on-Thames, was one of thousands, probably, residing in the suburbs of London.

The housekeeper stepped forward and brushed an imaginary fluff from his coat-sleeve. Then she handed him his hat, and, turning, reached for his walking-stick from a rack on the wall.

"Not that one," he said, choosing another—an ebony thick cane with a crook handle, and a silver mount below the grip.

For some reason she clasped her hands convulsively.

He noticed the gesture, and smiled at her, shaking his head as though in reproof.

"Slips are plentiful about here during the frost," he said.

"Yes," she agreed faintly. "Where are you going?"

"Where fancy leads me."

"You will take care?"

"Of course." He gave a cheerful laugh. "Good-bye, Nan. Don't sit up if I'm late. It's past midnight now."

"I shan't rest till you return," she said.

Her solicitude had made her motherliness seem perfunctory. She opened the door for him, and stood on the steps until she heard the gate click.

It was a dark night. No moon was visible, and clouds obscured the stars. She remained yet a further moment gazing out across the lawn into the gloom of the shrubbery. Then she went in, closing the door softly.

The stick she had taken down was still in her hand when she replaced it on the rack and sighed.

Ah, the fears of the aged when they realise their impotence!

* * * * * *

Mr. Pentland set off at the even pace of the experienced pedestrian. He had decided to go to Chudleigh, only four miles distant by direct road, but half as far again if one chose the by-lanes.

Mr. Pentland's choice was the latter. He was familiar with every by-lane within a ten-mile radius of Beckwell, the result of a fondness for pedalling on his bicycle on Sunday afternoons

Chudleigh was two stations up the line. He knew several men who lived there, meeting them in the train, and chatting pleasantly on topics of the hour.

With one or two the acquaintance had gone farther. He had occasionally accepted an invitation to dinner, played a round on the Chudleigh links, made one of a whist party.

Ferguson had invited him for bridge that very day. He was thinking of it now as he walked along, keeping to the centre of the lane to avoid the cart-ruts. The hedge on either side was hardly distinguishable, so dark was the night.

It had needed some little ingenuity to get out of it. Ferguson was loud-voiced and insistent, and liked him, he was aware, because he had no objection to high play, and never broke up a party by departing early.

But Mr. Pentland preferred to know who else would be present ere projecting himself into what might prove otherwise infernally boring society. He took full advantage of the bachelor's privilege of pleasing the only one whom it was essential to please.

Mrs. Hearnshaw-Lowe was going. That was enough for him! He did not object to Mr. Hearnshaw-Lowe, a timid self-effacing little man, who had provided him with excellent champagne on the only occasion he had visited him. But Mrs. Hearnshaw-Lowe made herself too pleasant to be pleasing. She gushed, she made "eyes." She looked at a man as a prospective purchaser looked at a beast in a cattle show—at least, that was how she impressed Mr. Pentland, who had the wise man's wariness of a *liaison* with a married woman.

Then she wore too much jewellery, and openly boasted that she possessed far more than was visible.

Pathetically enough, the timid little man worshipped his fat and florid wife, and attempted to compensate for physical shortcomings by loading her with gifts.

So Mr. Pentland was not going to Ferguson's bridge party. After obtaining, by delicate questioning, the information he required, he had politely declined.

Nevertheless he was taking a walk which would bring him to Ferguson's house, and, as if remembering this, he bore suddenly to the right. This lane would lead him to the other end of Chudleigh, and then, by making a detour, he could return home to Beckwell by the main road far to the right.

The few scattered lights of Chudleigh shortly came into view, and as the church clock struck eleven Mr. Pentland was walking down a road lined with trees which almost smothered the intended illumination of the occasional lamps.

It was the better-class residential quarter. The houses were detached, with a lawn and hedge in front, and gates wide enough to admit carriages at either end of the hedge. Some were in darkness, in some the inmates were going to bed, others were brightly lit downstairs.

Mr. Pentland passed on, and paused at a gate to knock out his pipe. The road was very quiet. A drizzling rain was falling.

Mr. Pentland glanced at the house beyond the gate. He had been inside it once. It was Mrs. Hearnshaw-Lowe's. The lights in the dining-room were turned low; the hall-lamp filled the porch with a dim glow; upstairs, in the top storey, a bedroom window shone yellow.

Mr. Pentland smiled. Ferguson seldom let his guests go before twelve o'clock; kept them later if he could. There would be plenty of time.

Mr. Pentland passed through the gate. He did it with surprising suddenness and a startling absence of sound. Then he stepped stealthily along the flower-border to the rear of the house.

Pausing at the French window of the drawing-room he listened, motionless meanwhile, except for his hands, which were noiselessly unscrewing the handle of his stick.

The handle he placed in his pocket. From the other part he drew out a short, shining instrument, which fitted its velvet-lined compartment exactly, and was cold to the touch. With this he gently prised open the window. The sound he made was no louder than the scratch of a cat. Then he entered the room and listened again.

A door opposite was ajar, letting through a crack of light from the hall-lamp beyond. Mr. Pentland stooped and took off his boots, knotting the laces, and suspending them round his neck. Then he crossed the room into the hall and turned out the gas. His movements were swift, but quite unflurried.

Feeling in his pocket he brought out a thing like a fountain pen, removed the cap, and stepped up to the front door. For a moment the tiny electric torch gleamed in the palm of his hand, then he pressed down the catch of the lock, effectually preventing an opening of it with a key from outside. After that he went upstairs in the dark.

He had now been in the house about three minutes. He had been visible in the gas-light less than that number of seconds. Anyone seeing him would have had to recognise him by his nose, for the turned-up collar of his coat and the hat crammed down on to his eyes concealed the rest of his features.

On the landing he listened, looking up. Two servants slept on the top floor, each in separate rooms; the only child, a girl of twelve, was away, spending a holiday with friends. (Mr. Pentland was an adept at ascertaining these homely details without appearing to ask.)

If the servants had seen him they would have screamed. All was silent.

He went into Mrs. Hearnshaw-Lowe's bedroom, and attended to the dressing-table first. The torch gleamed and went out, gleamed and went out, like a firefly flitting from place to place.

Five rings, two bracelets, several brooches, an enamelled gold watch set with pearls. Mr. Pentland pocketed these and searched elsewhere for the jewel-case.

Not in the chest of drawers. In the bottom of the wardrobe probably. Right second go!

Locked. Would a penknife open it? No.

Another unscrewing of the stick, this time to a compartment lower down.

A click, a gleam, and Mr. Pentland was adding this lot to the former.

Who's that!

Only somebody passing.

Now to get away, a business most ticklish of all. A little patience required, plenty of coolness, no haste. Boots put on in the garden, then a detour, and the straight road to Beckwell.

Thank you very much, Mrs. Hearnshaw-Lowe—foolishly boastful Mrs. Hearnshaw-Lowe!

* * * * * * *

His housekeeper met him in the hall as he

opened the door. Her hands were convulsively clasped.

He smiled at her as though in affectionate reproof, and hung the stick of singular thickness on the rack.

"You have come back safe," she said faintly.

"Yes, Nan. Don't worry. I shall always come back safe."

He proceeded to the dining-room, and she fetched him his slippers.

"You can go to bed," he said. "I sha'n't want anything."

She went quietly.

Months ago she had found him out. But the fact did not trouble him. The secret of his peculiar hobby was safe with Nan.

* * * * * * *

"*Another of the remarkable series of burglaries which have recently occurred in the Thames district is reported from Chudleigh*——"

Mr. Pentland perused the paragraph with extreme interest.

CORRECT SWIMMING COSTUME.

The following is the correct costume for those taking part in swimming races under Amateur Swimming Association Rules.

The colour shall be black or dark blue. Shoulder-straps not less than two inches wide. It shall be buttoned on the shoulder, and the armhole cut no lower than three inches from the armpit.

In the front, the costume shall reach not lower than two inches below the pit of the neck.

In the leg portion it shall extend to within three inches of the knee, and shall be cut in a straight line round the circumference of each leg.

Drawers must be worn underneath the costume. They must be of triangular pattern, with a minimum width of two and a half inches at the point, they must meet on each hip and be at least three inches wide when fastened.

DON'TS FOR STORY-TELLERS.

Don't tell your story in such a way that the "point" is guessed at when you are only half way through.

Don't linger over the humour of it. The shorter you make it, the heartier will be the laughs.

Don't show a trace of amusement yourself. If you do, you may make your hearers anticipate something even funnier, and so spoil your effect.

Don't, if the story falls flat, elaborate the point. It only increases the suffering of your victims.

RACING STARTER'S POWERS.

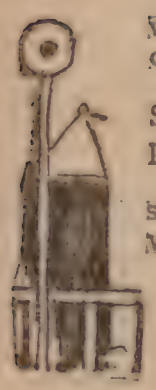
On the Turf, the starter has power to fine a jockey who misconducts himself in any way at the post any sum up to ten sovereigns. If he does fine a jockey he must at once report the fact to the Stewards. He must also report, though he need not fine, any jockey who in any way whatsoever refuses to obey his commands.

So far as possible, the horses must be started in a line, but they need not necessarily be close up against the barrier. The starter may set them going at such reasonable distance behind the tapes as he thinks necessary.

The starter has absolute discretion as to what constitutes a "fair start," and can declare any start "no start."

He has to report the time of a start to the Stewards, and be ready satisfactorily to explain any delay.

A horse shall be considered as having started which is under the starter's orders when the white flag is raised.



MY NOTEBOOK.

CAMP. My advice is asked by a reader whose letter is very human and a little bit pathetic.

"Acting on your advice," he says, "I have, like many of my friends, joined the Territorials, and the time is rapidly approaching for camp. I hope you will not think me a coward when I say that I am afraid of it!

"I have not yet put in a camp, but I put in one week-end training, and it seemed to be more than I was physically fit for. I can spare the £5 that would obtain my discharge, but I don't want to back out of camp if you can give me any tips that would help me to get through it with credit.

"I feel at present that I would either collapse altogether or else show the white feather, and I'd hate to do either."

THE NEED OF FITNESS. The majority of the Provincial units have already put in their camp, but as some other Provincial units and all the London ones are at present preparing for it, the tips I am about to give may be useful to others as well as to this particular reader.

The first thing I would say is that camp is an athletic event in the sense that it entails more physical exertion than the indoor worker has been accustomed to. You cannot, therefore, expect to enjoy yourself at camp unless you get fit in advance.

You know very well that to most men the first week in camp is more or less of a burden, the second week begins to be fairly tolerable, and at the end of it you feel that you would give anything for a week more. The reason is that the training has made you fit. If you had been fit to start with you would have enjoyed it all the time.

Various contributors have given camp hints from time to time, but there is one thing that I do not think any of them has pointed out, and that is the fact that merely being so much in the open air upsets some constitutions because they are not accustomed to it.

I should therefore advise you for at least a fortnight before camp to get out into the open air as much as you can. Sundays, for example, you can spend tramping, and I should advise you also to go in for walks of four or five miles every evening.

This will bring your feet into condition as well as the muscles of your legs. Remember to do this tramping in the boots that you are going to wear at camp.

IN THE CASE OF WELLINGTONS. Talking of boots, it is worth while mentioning the fact that if you are wearing Wellingtons for any length of time you will get sore heels unless you take proper precautions.

The Yeoman, knowing that long foot marches are not likely to fall to his lot, is more apt than the Infantryman to neglect hardening his feet, but he must remember that he will frequently be wearing his walking-out dress, with the inevitable Wellingtons, and unless his feet are hard these will skin his heels badly, for they do not fit closely to the heel as does a laced boot.

In spite of all precautions you will occasionally find this heel soreness after you have been wearing your Wellingtons. A very good plan is to rub a little embrocation on them before going to bed, if there is the slightest irritation. Talking of embrocation, I strongly recommend its use at camp. If you are tired after a hard day's work, have a bath—or at least a sponge down—and then rub yourself all over with embrocation. This will, as a rule, prevent your muscles from feeling stiff next day.

BEER AND BACCY. Another hint that I would give you for comfort in camp is to avoid alcoholic drinks as much as possible. A glass of beer after a long trek is a tonic and a comfort, but you should be careful not to drink too much in the evenings, especially when there is a stiff day waiting you on the morrow.

Smoking is not likely to trouble you very [much] as your opportunities for smoking will be [more] limited than usual. I should, however, [advise] you to knock down your baccy bill very [consider]ably before you go to camp.

BEHIND THE SCENES. You may remember that [some] ago I mentioned the visit of [the] Great Wagners." At that [time] they made me promise to come and [see] show when they were next performing [in] They wrote to me a short time ago telling [me] had secured a London engagement, and [the] evening I went to see them.

It is some years since I have been behind scenes at a music-hall, and times have changed very much. My two hosts were the two men who, with a lady, make up the [Wagner] troupe, and they entertained me in their dressing-room. Their dressing-room was used by [no] other artistes, and I was much struck by the wholesomeness of them all.

THE OLD DAYS. In the music-hall profession have changed very much. I remember when, as a youngster, I was trying to get journalistic experience, I wrote for a short time the criticisms of a local music-hall performance for a local paper. My work, and the desire of the management to secure [favourable] notices, gave me the entry to all parts of the theatre, and as everything was very new to me and very interesting, I used to spend more time behind the scenes than in front of the footlights. But it did not interest me for very long, and I dropped it. The life I saw was sordid and unpleasant.

I remember one evening the call-boy confided to me that there were going to be terrible rows in the ladies' dressing-room when Miss [Flossie] appeared. Something came off the stage. It appeared that Miss Flossie had ordered him to procure a considerable quantity of brandy which it was her intention to consume when she left the stage. He had duly obtained it and had left it on the dressing-room table. Then there had entered the dressing-room one Miss Bessie Somebody-else. Somebody had drunk all Miss Flossie Something's brandy. Miss Flossie had, the call-boy assured me, a violent temper, and there was certain to be trouble.

That was but one little incident. There were many others that disgusted me with the life. Performers came to me and adversely criticised other performers, their motive obviously being to induce me to give a better notice to them than to their rivals. It was all very petty and unwholesome, but it was several years [ago].

THE NEW. I was pleasantly surprised by the performers at this [music-hall]. London hall as healthy, straight, likeable [people] you could wish to meet. I was the guest dressing-room, and each of them was as hospitable as he could be. There was no swearing nor drinking, and the men were considerate of each other's feelings and mine as well as of mine.

There are many who say that the life of music-hall artistes are immoral and degrading. The statement may once have been true, and perhaps it is true to-day of some of our great "stars," but these do not constitute the average of the profession.

The men and women I met that evening at a suburban music-hall were of different ages and different talents, but they had one thing in common, and that was wholesomeness and love of home.

These people are doing their work in the world by making it laugh and by giving it a moment's respite from its cares. It behoves us, therefore, to regard them with the respect they deserve.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

MEN OF MYSTERY.

WANDERERS WHO WORK FOR THEIR LIVING.

The wander-lust is not confined to the classes who can afford to gratify it amid comfort and luxury. It takes possession of men in every class of life, and there are many of its victims or its votaries—call them what you will—to be found among those who earn their living, or so much of it as is really earned, by manual labour.

To-day these wanderers are in their element. Oscillating between town and country, first inward and then outward, according to their mood, they pass through half the seasons in the course of a year.

Just now there are thousands of wanderers in the harvest fields of England. They must never be confused with the pure—or impure—tramp, with his blatant assurance that he never has worked and never intends to work.

No, these men who have the true wander-instinct in their blood are men who are possessed of a vast amount of self-respect. Many of them make admirable workers, many take an extreme pride in their work, and all of them are as far removed from the taint of trampdom as they well be.

I have come across many of these men and have often been struck with their physical and mental qualities. But for the strange kink in their mental and psychological character which drives them forth as perpetual roamers, and fills them with a deep and never-stilled restlessness that is half a fierce pleasure and half poignant pain, most of them, I imagine, would have filled more than the ordinary rut of the labourer's life. They are men who have acquired skill in the hardest of all schools. They have picked up lore in town and wild, and have lived a different atmosphere and mode of life from those of stationary workers.

Many of them are without attractive qualities. They have a straightforward habit that commands admiration and confidence. They have no need for the conventions and subterfuges of high civilisation.

To the settled man their lives are mysteries. They come from nowhere and they vanish when work is done, or when the call to move becomes too strong, into a land that is vaguer than the vaguest.

Home is a word they cannot understand or use except in its widest sense. It is doubtful whether they have any of the feelings and emotions of patriotism, so utterly unrepresented do they seem with any land, so long as they may wander at will.

Many a village girl would like to call a halt to the wanderings of some of these young men, but there is in their hearts a pull that is stronger than the love of a woman, and they must go on.

They are for the most part men who can, to use the common phrase, be "drawn." They keep their own counsel, and though they are admirable workers, it is mainly through their negative qualities.

For they seldom join in the general life of the village where they for the moment are living. Nor do they interfere with other people's. They avoid the occasions of dispute. Roused they should they be roused to anger they are ruthless and terrible fellows who have in them something of the slapdash action of the old Norse and "woolly" West.

At first and last they are wanderers, from heredity, compulsion, or what not, and we get harvest glimpses that we have of them rouse our curiosity, our interest, and even our admiration, for they are men who have their own tracks through life and keep to them without murmur or complaint.

M. BRUCE.

THE PHYSICIAN: "What is your trouble? Can't you eat? Or is it——"

THE WAR OFFICE CLERK: "It's sleeplessness that bothers me."

THE PHYSICIAN: "When do you go to bed?"

THE WAR OFFICE CLERK: "Oh, it's not that. You misunderstand me. I mean during office hours."

* * *

The sporting young man was chatting with the Suffragette who was doing her best to sell a paper advocating her cause.

"And why," he asked, tapping his gaiters with his thin, knotted cane, "do you think women ought to have votes?"

"Because of their patient endurance," the Suffragette replied, adjusting her pince-nez and looking as if she didn't care if it rained.

"What," asked the sporting young man, "have they got to endure?"

"Their husbands," said the Suffragette, and the sporting young man hailed a taxi.

* * *

SMITH: "I estimate that advertising costs me at least a hundred pounds more than I can afford."

SMYTH: "But, my dear old sport, you don't advertise at all in your line of business."

SMITH: "I never said I did, but the drapers do, and my wife happens to be one of those people who are very easily convinced."

* * *

"And whom," asked the teacher, "was Robert the Bruce hiding from when he waited in the cave and watched the spider throwing its web across the entrance?"

No reply.

"Come, come," said the teacher, "doesn't anybody know? Whom would he naturally be most anxious to avoid?"

A tiny hand went up.

"Please, sir," said the little boy, whom we couldn't get along without, so far as these beautiful stories are concerned, "Mrs. Bruce."

* * *

If people were *really* as big as they feel, there would be room on this island only for Lord Northcliffe, "Doctor" Macaura, and one Territorial Sergeant-Major. The rest of us would have to swim about and take our meals off the beach.

* * *

"Gentlemen of the jury," concluded the counsel, solemnly, "the prisoner's only fault is that throughout his life he has been stupid enough to have faith in unworthy people. I have said all I have to say. Gentlemen of the jury, the prisoner has implicit faith in you."

And the judge smiled.

* * *

A certain Harley Street specialist is noted for his absent-mindedness.

The other day he put his stethoscope on a patient's chest and said "Are you there?"

DANGERS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

A case occurred recently, which may have attracted the attention of some of our readers, when a member of the theatrical profession met his death by attempting to climb in at the window of the house where he was living. He had no latchkey with him, and there was nobody in the house. So he thoughtlessly incurred one of the commonest dangers of everyday life.

If you have lost the key of your flat, never try to climb in. Wait for a ladder.

It is by no means an uncommon sight, when you are riding on an omnibus, to see a man sprinting after it as though his life depended on it; and though he will perhaps eventually manage to climb on, he will be so exhausted that his breath will not come back properly for some considerable time. That man probably works in an office, and having perhaps lingered over his lunch, is in a hurry to get back.

But it is the height of folly to overstrain oneself in this way immediately after eating. Even at the risk of being a little late, wait for a 'bus that you can board in comfort.

By the way, there are many men who habitually get into trains after they are set in motion. Many of them, indeed, take a sort of foolish pride in it. But not only is it courting serious injury, but it is at the same time actionable.

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RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

A GOOD CARRIAGE.

A correspondent writes me a long letter, in which the following passage may be of some interest to his fellow-readers.

"I am tired," he says, "of being told how important it is to carry oneself well. What I want to know is what constitutes a good carriage. 'Hold up your head' is as much as one is usually told, but I know from experience that it is possible to take endless pains to keep the head erect, and yet to keep the body in a very bad position. 'Throw your shoulders back' is another piece of advice which seems equally useless."

The really important thing to remember is to keep the spine erect, and this requires continual attention until it becomes a habit.

Military drill is, of course, the most practical means of acquiring that habit, but by continual care a man can train himself to keep his body in a good position. He will find it necessary, however, to watch himself continually for a time in whatever attitude he may be.

Many men imagine that a good carriage can be obtained by throwing the shoulders back at the expense of the middle of the body, which is correspondingly thrust forward.

If you want to learn what a good carriage really means you cannot do better than study a number of photographs of British soldiers, both in motion and standing, for the habit of carrying himself well that is drilled into him as a recruit never leaves the soldier, whether he be officer or "Tommy."

A LEG-DEVELOPER.

If you possess a pair of dumb-bells, especially if they are heavy ones, use them for this exercise. If not, clench your fists tightly, or grasp a roll of paper or a running cork or similar object in each hand.

Stand erect with the arms by the sides and the feet together.

Transfer the weight to the right foot, bend the left leg and press the left knee against the right.

Now bend the right leg and slide the left knee down the right calf until it touches the heel.

Touching the heel with the knee.

Pause a second in this position and rise slowly until the body is erect.

Then return the left foot to the ground, bend the right leg and repeat the process, touching the left heel with the right knee.

Continue these movements with alternate legs until you are tired—which at first will be very soon.

The exercise is extremely difficult at first and the strain on the muscles of the thigh and calf is considerable, but by regular practice they will become accustomed to it, and the legs will benefit not only in development but in suppleness, for there is no better exercise for the knee and ankle.

The weights held in the hands, whether dumb-bells or anything else, are useful not only as affecting the leg development, but in maintaining the balance. They should not be too heavy at first, but should be gradually increased, and may vary from 10lb. to 50lb., but they are by no means essential to the exercise

AN EXERCISE FOR THE TRUNK, LEGS, AND NECK.

For the comfortable practising of this exercise a cushion under the head is a very desirable thing, as not only does it save the pain caused by the contact of the head with a hard floor, but it makes it easier to maintain the balance and avoid collapsing sideways.

The starting position is with the head and feet on the floor and the body arched as much as possible between them, the neck being bent backwards and the feet widely separated.

The hands should be lightly clasped over the chest.

Now turn the body gently to the left, twisting it from the ankles so that the left knee comes over towards the left, and the right elbow is raised in the air.

The whole body must turn over, and not merely the shoulders.

The left arm will come underneath the side, but it must be kept clear of the floor, and the only points of support should be the head and feet.

Twist as far over as you can without overbalancing, and then return to the starting position.

Not for the beginner.

Then turn the body over to the right in the same way, and continue the movements without returning the body to the ground until you are tired.

There are few exercises which employ so many muscles at one time, practically all except those of the arms being greatly developed by it.

The muscles of the neck and shoulders, the back and the legs are those principally benefited by regular practice.

TRAINING FOR LONG-DISTANCE RACES.

It is often a matter for some doubt with many men who do not enjoy the assistance of an expert trainer or coach, to draw up a scale of distances for practice spins, when they are training for long-distance races. So that the following tables, composed by one of our foremost amateur athletes, for mile and four-mile runners, will doubtless be found useful by a good many of my readers.

For mile races, practice during the week should consist of:

MONDAY—Two-thirds of a mile at a steady pace.
TUESDAY—Half a mile.
WEDNESDAY—One mile, slowly.
THURSDAY—Half a mile at a fast pace.
FRIDAY—Six hundred yards at racing pace.
SATURDAY—Fast three-quarter mile.

Practice for four-mile races should be as follows:

MONDAY—Two miles slowly.
TUESDAY—One mile.
WEDNESDAY—Three miles.
THURSDAY—Fast mile.
FRIDAY—Two-thirds of a mile as fast as you can comfortably do it.
SATURDAY—Two miles steadily and fairly fast.

On the day before the race, however, it is advisable to do no work at all, as the muscles should be freed from any trace of stiffness.

THE WRITING DESK.

POINTS OF IMPORTANCE FOR THE [illegible] IN DIGGINGS.

It is well worth a man's while to [illegible] little money on a good writing [illegible] men have not much private corre[illegible] but whether much or little, it is very [illegible] ing to have to hunt about first for [illegible] and envelopes, then for pen, ink, and [illegible] paper.

Letter-writing becomes a [illegible] avoided at any cost when all these [illegible] to be done before a single letter [illegible] written.

Sometimes one depends on those [illegible] for the necessary materials — on [illegible] brother, or a wife; but there [illegible] possibility that these folk have [illegible] stock to run down, and that what [illegible] may be unsuitable for your own [illegible]

The writing-desk need be no [illegible] rangement. Living in diggings it [illegible] convenient to have a full-blown desk [illegible] out with all that is necessary.

A most convenient substitute [illegible] leather-cornered pad, well stocked [illegible] or six sheets of good quality blotting [illegible] This makes an excellent pad.

Choose a plain, good quality writing [illegible] and stick to it.

If you are often moving do not [illegible] stamped or embossed with your address [illegible] you may be landed with a stock [illegible] hands with the wrong address, and [illegible] untidy to cross it out and write [illegible] correct one.

Be careful, very careful, to see [illegible] always have envelopes to match your [illegible] It often happens that one buys more [illegible] paper than envelopes, and in an emergency [illegible] you are forced to use paper of one [illegible] and envelopes of another.

This is a very bad habit, it [illegible] tremely bad form, and does not [illegible] your correspondent's opinion of your [illegible] what is fit and proper.

Keep all stationery under lock [illegible] and, if possible, in a box, so that [illegible] can settle on it, and so that the [illegible] wear and tear of daily movement do [illegible] soil it.

This last piece of advice as to [illegible] key is given with another object. [illegible] man in diggings it is urgently necessary [illegible] see that he gives no stranger a chance [illegible] helping himself to such a useful [illegible] stationery.

Moreover, there are people who [illegible] the same house, would be quite pleased [illegible] make use of your note paper with [illegible] embossed address at the top.

It gives them, in the eyes of [illegible] a certain social status. You have no [illegible] in their social status, real or imaginary [illegible] haps, but you have an interest in [illegible] this is not maintained partly at your [illegible]

Some people have a foolish habit [illegible] ducing visiting cards on every possible [illegible] sion, under the impression that it gives [illegible] a certain importance.

They scatter the cards about in [illegible] tions, letting them get into the hands [illegible] sorts and conditions of people.

This is dangerous. One never knows [illegible] use a stranger may make of your [illegible] card; so my advice is to keep them [illegible] and to give them only when you know [illegible] will pass into honest hands.

Do not let your favourite pens [illegible] They may prove to be favourites [illegible] In the matter of ink I advise you [illegible] good quality plain brass inkstand [illegible] medium-sized jar of a standard make [illegible]

It makes all the difference between [illegible] and the utmost discomfort in writing [illegible] have everything handy and of good [illegible]

C. W.

BRINGING · UP · A · COLT

PRACTICAL ADVICE TO THE MAN WHO WANTS A HORSE TO BE ALL HIS OWN.

The man whose ambition it is to possess a horse of his own, and whose means will permit him to purchase a full-grown animal such as he would be proud to own, need not give up the idea in despair—provided he is willing to submit to a certain amount of trouble.

If he lives in the country, even if it be only a cottage, he can buy a colt and bring it up.

He must, of course, be possessed of some knowledge—but if he has not this, what does he require with a horse?—as the colt will require a good deal of attention.

The bringing up of a young horse ought to be one man's work and that man the owner, for it is in these early days that the horse is made or marred.

A neighbouring farmer will often for a consideration allow a colt to run in his field and let a stall in his stable cheaply.

It is quite possible in this way for a man to get hold of a thoroughbred, and the advice of a veteran all-round fancier holds good, especially in the case of a horse: whatever you have, have the best; it eats no more.

SOMETHING GOOD AND CHEAP.

Well-known breeders have generally young stock on sale that don't come up to expectations, at a figure to suit a moderate purse, for we must take into consideration the fact that they do not have the expense and trouble of rearing and schooling the colt.

And there is always the sporting chance that it may turn out a flier in the end, for even experts make mistakes and cannot always tell how the just weaned foal will turn out, and, indeed, individual care and attention can work wonders, even with the roughest colt that was ever weeded out of famous stables.

Supposing, then, that the colt has been bought, the main thing to remember is that if you wish to have an intelligent animal you must bring him up in an intelligent manner. Make a pet of him, treat him as a child, and don't expect any more from the colt than you would from the human child.

FEEDING AND STABLING.

Feed the colt well, for the horse is built up from the colt, but there is no need to coddle him.

He is far and away better out in the field than shut up in an ill-ventilated stable, but see that he has somewhere to shelter in bad weather.

It is not possible to begin breaking him in too early.

It is to be hoped, both for your own sake and that of the pupil, that you have a big stock of patience and perfect control over your temper, for he will be almost certain to lose his on occasion.

Gentleness, firmness, and patience—these are the attributes most needed in the horse-breaker.

If you have made a pet of him as suggested he will come at call and follow you about.

You will therefore have little or no difficulty in putting a halter on him and leading him by it or in tying him up.

First of all he must be taught his paces.

If a horse walks well it is almost safe to assume that his other paces will be good. Perfect him in the walk before you pass on to the other paces, but leave off the lesson when he begins to show signs of restiveness or weariness.

BY SLOW DEGREES.

When perfect, proceed with the trot, and so on.

He will doubtless be a little nervous when first you put the bridle on him, and still more so when he is saddled for the first time, but he will gradually get accustomed to them.

Don't stay in the saddle long on the first occasion, and give him a bit of sugar as a reward.

The man who brings up a colt has one advantage over the man who buys his mount already trained, he knows, or ought to know, him thoroughly—all his virtues, all his little defects of temper, and he can act accordingly.

Of course, in a sense he represents sunk capital, for from the time of purchase to the time he can be used on the road there is a long period to be covered and all the expense of keeping as well, but I say from practical experience that the result is worth it.

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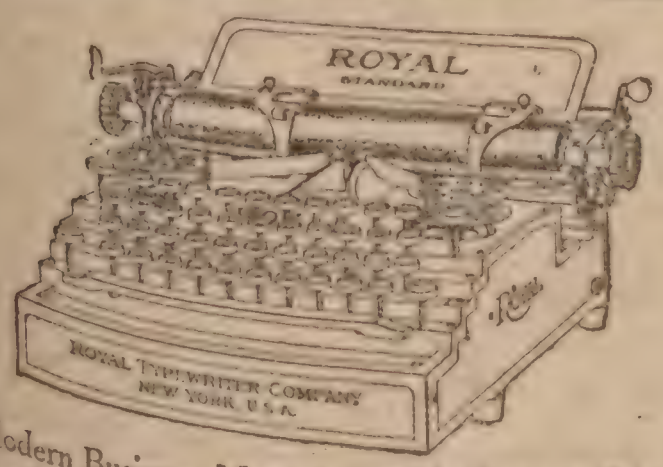

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Business is Business

MADE FOR THEIR JOBS.

You will see a van driver calmly seated on his cushion of sacking and shouting to his horses as they plunge their way up the steep and slippery hill. From time to time their shoes, worn smooth, slip on the greasy surface of the road and they come down almost on their knees.

The average observer would be very sorry for himself if he occupied that driver's seat when an accident seemed so imminent, but the driver takes things quietly.

He can help the horses only by encouraging them, he knows that they must take their chance of coming down, and he knows that in the event of an accident occurring their value is covered by insurance.

He has to face this sort of difficulty every day in the streets of London and other large cities, and he would be worn to a shadow if he allowed himself to become nervous or alarmed.

He looks at the thing with calmness and even a trace of fatalism. In a word, he has been made for his job.

A very different character is the average barmaid, and yet in most cases she also has been made for her job.

One is sometimes sorry for this young girl, cooped up all day in an ill-ventilated bar, doing nothing more interesting than measuring and dispensing refreshments. You think that her life must be intensely dull, but it is not really so.

The typical barmaid is infinitely vain, no matter how ugly she may be, and her vanity and her search after admiration give her an interest in life.

"Sometimes I fancy you love me," she sings in a voice neither trained nor musical.

"You are merry this morning," says a customer.

"I'm always merry," replies the barmaid. "You see, I was meant to be an actress!"

The conversation, absolutely inane, and well seasoned with self-conceit, is typical of the barmaid's usual talk, but it gives her an interest in life which perhaps she would not have found had she not been made for her job.

Some people pity the drudgery of the clerk, but in most cases he also has been made for his job.

He enjoys his lack of responsibility and absolute freedom after six o'clock, and to these things he is content to take a comparatively small wage.

Some men, with more of that quality which is called ambition, work early and late and make great risks; their money makes the clerk envious of them, but their responsibilities make him very glad that he is not as they are. But they, like he, have been made for their jobs.

The moral of it all is to work at something for which you are fitted for.

The money you get in wages is a long way from being everything; the greatest thing you have to consider is whether your work is work you least dislike to do.

You have to keep on working all your life. It only needs common-sense to work at something that is fairly congenial to you.

H. BROOKES.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

A SAFE INVESTMENT.

Executors and others who are looking out for an investment of trust funds cannot do better than consider the stock of the Bank of England at the present price—viz., 257.

The dividend on this stock since 1904 has been nine per cent. (free of Income Tax), and the highest price touched in that period has been 316. Consequently, investors at the present price would not only receive interest at the rate of three and a half per cent. on their outlay, but would benefit by the almost certain appreciation in price which is likely to take place in view of the cheap money outlook.

Not only is a purchase of this stock advisable from a trustee's point of view, but the speculative investor might do a great deal worse than buy; if he has not the money handy to pay he can easily arrange for his banker to take the stock up for him, and as the price is very low now (252 is the lowest price touched in the last thirty years), the probability is that the price will advance between twenty and thirty points in the next six months.

Another point to be considered by all careful people is that the scale of brokerage on Bank Stock is only about half that payable on other trustee stocks.

The low price now compares with 267½ last July, 279 highest in 1909, and 285 in 1903.

SOMETHING MORE SPECULATIVE.

For those who prefer to take a more speculative risk with the consequent prospect of a greater profit I can strongly recommend a purchase of Mexican Railway Stocks, especially the six per cent. Second Preference.

At the time of writing the price is under 90, and, as the full six per cent. is certain to be paid for the half-year ending June 30, the yield at 90 will be at the rate of nearly seven per cent. per annum. Besides a full supply of oil fuel for the locomotives will effect a saving of expenses of £30,000 per annum (equal to three per cent. per annum on the Second Preference Stock), and as the contractors (Mexican Eagle Oil Company) are now exporting oil from Vera Cruz, the Railway must be obtaining a full supply and will feel the benefit of the saving from now onwards: consequently investors are entitled to expect the Second Preference Stock to be now on a sound six per cent. basis.

There is no doubt that the trade of Mexico is improving in a greater ratio than that of any other country at the present moment.

AT THIS MOMENT.

At the time of writing all markets on the Stock Exchange are dull excepting Rubber and Oil, and I look for a further increase in the prices of shares in sound companies producing these commodities in the near future.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. F. (Rotherhithe).—Sell at once.

"WORKER" (Edinburgh).—The Post-office Savings Bank would suit you best.

"INVESTOR" (Luton).—Send us your address and we shall give you the name of a reliable broker privately.

T. R. (Newcastle).—The firm in question is now being prosecuted for fraud. We warned our readers against them long ago.

C. S. (Oldham).—We are making inquiries concerning the firm you name.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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SPRINT SWIMMING

THE TRUDGEON AND CRAWL STROKES.

In a recent article I dealt with long-distance swimming, for which the stroke most favoured is the overarm stroke, but a few hints on the best strokes for sprint swimming may be useful to an even greater number of my readers.

To be able to swim fast is undoubtedly more useful on the whole than to be able to swim far. If it is a matter ot saving your own life or some one else's, it is seldom that any great distance has to be tackled, while in the latter case speed is essential if you are to reach a drowning man in time.

THE ORIGIN OF THE "TRUDGEON."

To the water-polo player also, fast swimming is essential, and the particular stroke that is absolutely necessary for him to learn is that known as the trudgeon stroke, after Mr. J. Trudgeon, who first introduced it into England, having originally learnt it, it is said, from the South American Indians.

The usefulness of the stroke to the polo player lies in the fact that he can take the ball along with his arms as he raises them and brings them forward one after the other.

To describe a swimming stroke on paper is always difficult, and an ounce of example in this case is worth a ton of precept, but, briefly described, the movements of the trudgeon stroke are as follows.

THE ACTION.

The swimmer lies in the water on his chest, and brings his left arm into the water straight in front of his head, his right arm being along his side. Then the left arm is brought back through the water to the hip, and the right arm is carried forward out of the water into the same position as that originally occupied by the left arm.

A DOUBLE OVER-ARM STROKE.

The right arm is then brought back and the stroke repeated with the arms alternately, the palms of the hands being turned away from the body as much as possible.

The body remains chest downwards and the face should be kept as clear of the water as possible.

The legs should be kept near the surface of the water and remain straight and together as far as the knees. The stroke is similar to that used with the overarm stroke, the legs kicking out from the knee alternately with the arms.

The "Northern kick," as it is called, is by no means easy to learn, but will repay trouble owing to the fact that the pace is not checked by the drawing up of the

The other stroke which it behoves the swimmer to learn is the crawl stroke.

CHOOSE YOUR OWN STROKE.

I am not suggesting that he should continue to practise both the trudgeon and strokes, but since one of the two is and the experts remain undecided as to is the faster, it may be advisable to elements of both and finally to which seems most suitable and greater pace.

The body is kept almost flat on the of the water, the face being kept under as much as possible.

The hands are dipped in just head, with the elbow bent, and drawn back to the hips. The right arm enters water as the left foot strikes and The foot is raised right out of the

Owing to the latter fact and to the being out of the water during a great the stroke, the resistance is minimised accounts largely for the superior "crawl."

DRAWBACKS OF THE "CRAWL."

But there are two serious drawbacks make the stroke extremely difficult to and impossible for long distances. The of working the arms and legs independ and of timing the different parts of the accurately is immense, and also the ties of the breathing problem are considerable.

Every time the head is raised to the the progress of the swimmer is checked until practice has enabled him to take lar and sufficient breaths without di the pace, the trudgeon stroke, in w breathing difficulty is much less, wh more useful.

MARTIN CLAY

A SUIT FOR A GENTLEMAN

It is admitted by all dressy men that a white slip, showing for just the correct space above the waistcoat, adds greatly to the general smartness of the appearance.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

RICHARD SELBY OVERWHELMED

By ADAM STERN.

Jim Graill found a Richard unusual in appearance when he arrived at the works that morning.

Instead of the rough clothes suited to the work he undertook daily in the forge, Richard had turned out in a loose, well-fitting lounge suit, and looked spruce from tie to toe. A soft hat hung from a peg on the wall, and his hands were unsoiled. Evidently he had done little beyond opening the letters.

"Hallo!" said Graill. "Going out of business?"

Richard, tilted back in his chair, gazed complacently at himself serenely.

"Why this startled inquiry?" he asked. "Why the immaculate get-up?"

"Not bad, is it?"

"Something like the old days."

"Oh, damn the old days," said Richard, "Hoping the new 'uns satisfy you. I'm glad you think so. Three workmen at your forge instead where once you had as many hundreds, and ha'pence instead of quids. But you haven't answered my question."

"What question, you dismal disciple?" "Where you're going—or who the lady is."

Richard was clearly in high good-humour. "Wonderful guesser you are, Jim. Not far from the mark, anyhow."

"It hasn't occurred to you, I suppose, that the motive might be to put you in your place?"

"Eh?"

"A subordinate. A paltry penny manager, is my style for myself. I'm to speak of being secretary."

"And office-boy in addition. But I'll be employing that useful accessory shortly. The drawback is he'll invade our privacy. I shall have to enlarge—enlarge—— How-ard!"

Graill surveyed his friend with calm deliberateness.

"That get-up," he continued, indicating Richard's riding attire. "Is it right that a servant should outshine his master? What's the result?—lack of respect. I can't put up with that, especially as there's nothing for me particularly deserve respect. Philosophy, Jimmy! A lot of men are swelling for an equal reason. . . . Lord, I'm talking! Chuck your coat off, and be ready to take down these letters. There's a couple of decent-sized orders in, and half-a-dozen enquiries. Things are looking up. I shall all be flush again some day."

"I hope so," said Graill, who had listened patiently. "By the way, Dick!"

"Hallo?"

"You're in a melting mood, due to the wonderful intuition, Jim, wonderful!"

"There's something I want to say to you myself."

"Fire ahead!"

"When are you going to chuck living at the farm, and coming to live at the farm with me?"

"When I can afford it, Jim."

"Rot! it won't cost you any more than it does now. It needn't cost you anything. The bed's there. You may as well use it as anybody."

"Thanks," said Richard. "When I'm a candidate for adoption I'll tell you."

"I'm serious."

"I know you are. No, Jim; there's time as well as money to be considered. A two hours' train journey every morning doesn't suit my book. You know what that branch line is between Darley and Flaxminster."

"But we should ride in together the same as we used to—the same as I do now."

"What on?"

"A horse, of course."

"Yes." Richard stood up. He had unexpectedly become quiet. "When I've got one I will."

"Well, buy one. Hang it, it won't hurt you to plank down the twenty quid or so. You've got the money."

"I want all I've got for other things."

"But——"

"All right, I know what you want to say. But there's a sort of meanness comes over a man when he ——. Anyhow, I grudge every quid that isn't in the business. 'Barnard and West's: Replying to your inquiry of yesterday, I beg to quote . . .' Get going, Jim. I've got an appointment at eleven o'clock."

"To see the lady?" inquired Graill innocently.

"To see a man about a dog," returned Richard.

II.

The note from Violet Lyons addressed to Richard at "The Hare and Hounds," had simply said:

"Dad and I are coming into Moulden in the morning. We want you to meet us at 'The George Hotel' at eleven if you can. If you can't, come just the same."

Richard had laughed over it.

The little absurdity in the last sentence pleased him; it was so characteristic of her. And it is a good thing when a man loves a woman for her little absurdities.

An ostler was taking the buggy into the yard when he arrived within sight of the hotel, and Vincent Lyons and his daughter were standing on the steps.

They greeted him with unaffected cordiality, and Lyons promptly explained his errand.

"Day and Nephew's have sent me a catalogue of their sale to-day," he said. "They appear to have a few animals in it of exceptional quality. I thought of looking round, though with no intention to buy."

"Don't you believe him," interjected Violet, with a daughter's disrespect. "He has set his heart upon a pair of roan carriage horses, but he is so fearfully afraid of being rooked——"

"Graphic but inaccurate," murmured Lyons. "—— that he wants you to come with us to look after him."

"I wish I were competent," said Richard.

"The suggestion was hers," said Lyons, "but I know the pair well. They were Harringay's, who has just died, and his widow is disposing of part of the stable—Tut, tut!"

The exclamation of annoyance escaped him on seeing a man approaching the hotel.

"Major Cartland," he said. "Probably he is here for the same purpose as I am. What a nuisance!"

"What did I tell you!" exclaimed Violet in a gleeful undertone.

"A most determined man if he makes up his mind to a thing. Instead of a bargain I shall—How d'you do, Cartland?"

He turned aside to speak to the new-comer, leaving Richard and Violet alone.

"That will cost dad fifty pounds, or a disappointment," she said, with satisfaction.

"I believe you're glad," said Richard.

"Am I? Perhaps I don't like anybody to have too much money nowadays. . . . Dick."

"Yes."

"How much longer are you going to live here? Look how dirty and smoky everything is. I'm sure it's unhealthy for you."

"Others stay in it," said Richard.

"Yes, but they *have* to," she replied, sensibly.

"So have I—at present."

"You need not. You could go back to Darley to live at the Graills."

"Have you been talking to Jim Graill?" queried Richard, suspiciously.

"About this? As if I should!"

Violet seldom told direct lies. She knew methods equally successful. As a matter of fact she had spoken to Graill the evening before, chancing across him as he passed the park gates.

"Well, funnily enough," continued Richard, "he was on the same subject this morning."

"Oh, you have already arranged it then?"

"No, I haven't," said Richard. He was beginning to know her guileless tone.

"Oh! Where's dad gone?"

Richard felt abruptly irritated that she had not asked him, "Why not?"

"He's gone inside with Cartland. He's all right. Violet!"

"Yes, Dick."

Her face was demure as she met his concentrated gaze, but there was laughing derision in her eyes.

"Listen." His voice was concentrated. "You are safe now. You always look like that when others are about. But if we were alone I'd make you—look different."

He gave a young laugh at seeing the blood dye her throat and cheeks, but she laughed as well.

"Masterful!" she said.

Then both glanced self-consciously towards the entrance to the hotel. Lyons was just descending the steps, smiling to himself.

"I've tossed him for them," he said. "It would have been folly to bid against each other."

"And won?" queried Richard.

"Certainly. Otherwise I should have stigmatised the tossing as folly."

"Just like dad," said Violet.

"Of course I am not committed to them, but Cartland will stand out if he sees me bidding. Come along; I must first satisfy myself they are sound. Even now I am half doubtful. . . . "

Violet turned to Richard with a commiserating expression.

"Are all men like this when they are going to buy a horse?" she asked.

"All," said Richard. "It's an instinct."

"I don't notice much uncertainty about you. Aren't you thinking of buying one?"

"I haven't much use for one now," returned Richard indifferently.

"Don't you like them?"

Richard slowly looked at her and away again.

"There is stabling at 'The Hare and Hounds,' isn't there?" she added hurriedly.

"Yes," said Richard, indifferent as before.

"Graill puts his mount up there. . . . The town seems full to-day, Mr. Lyons."

"Ye-es. . . . I wonder what those roans will fetch. . . . I shall stay at two hundred in any case."

III.

The horses were tethered in partitioned spaces in the large enclosure which Day and Nephew's used for such occasions, and the usual heterogeneous crowd wandered about, inspecting and criticising, and affecting an equine knowledge though they had it not, as is the fashion of men all the world over. A sprinkling of horsey individuals gave flavour to the gathering, and a number of gentlemen with their wives and daughters were there, but for the most part inquisitiveness and the aforesaid tendency to pose as expert judges explained the presence of the rest. Horses are wonderful creatures for revealing the idiosyncrasies of mankind.

"I want you to watch dad," whispered Violet to Richard, as they joined the group of connoisseurs round the pair of roans.

Vincent Lyons, pushing through to the front, a slender English gentleman in a grey morning coat and grey felt hat, stood patting with one hand, the pair of gloves held in the other, his face expressing a deepening disappointment.

Mr. Nephew, the auctioneer, approached and spoke to him with the deference due to the richest landowner in the district.

Mr. Lyons shook his head, pointing with a glove, then stepped forward and passed his hand down the near fore, fingered the pastern, and rose, looking vexed.

The auctioneer raised a shoulder as though constrained to agree, though differing as to the importance of the matter, and spoke again in a confidential undertone.

Mr. Lyons listened, cold disparagement settling on him until it appeared impossible he could ever look appreciative again. He gestured, admitting the right of the other to make the best of a bad case, moved to depart, was arrested by another point, and——

"Shall we see the others?" whispered Violet. "He'll be quite happy for half-an-hour till the sale commences."

"He does it well, if he really means to have them," said Richard, following her.

"I wonder the poor creatures didn't blush for shame. Of course he'll have them. He always goes on like that. Then when he bids, he does it so grudgingly that others are often scared off. Oh, look at this! A chestnut cob. Isn't he a beauty?"

Richard said nothing, but his eyes shone. She glanced askance at him.

"The next is a serviceable looking brute," he observed at last. And they passed on.

But a minute or two later she missed him. He had returned to look at the chestnut, as she saw by a backward glance. With admirable tact she remained where she was, interesting herself in something else.

He rejoined her presently, and was singularly quiet for some time.

"Shall you wait for the sale?" she asked him. "If you're busy, I don't think you should."

"I won't, if you'll excuse me," said Richard.

"I shall be all right. Dad is coming now. When are you coming to see us?"

"I'll write you," said Richard. And with a rather curt farewell to them both, he took his leave and returned to the works.

"Glad you're back," said Graill. "Something has turned up. I'd like to clear off if there's nothing you want me for."

"There's nothing," said Richard, going to his desk and standing with his back to him.

He hardly moved till he heard the door shut. Then he sat down, resting his elbows on the desk, and gripping his head between his fingers as though to crush in the skull.

"My *lord*," he ground out, after the spasm had passed. "I don't like being poor."

Seizing his hat he went out again, changed his clothes at "The Hare and Hounds," ate a tasteless lunch, and until dark worked at the forge, hammering and thumping bars of iron into links of the heaviest and toughest chain the works turned out.

* * * * * * *

"'Ere, wotcher think?" said Mark Gem, accosting Richard in the passage as he was making for the stairs.

"Oh, hell, don't gas! Tell your missis to bring me up some tea."

"But Dick, lad, ye'll jump out o' yer carcase when ye 'ears this. Sure cure for all ills, you stand on me! Come 'ere. 'Ere."

Mark pantomimed with his head, his air tremendously mysterious, a positive demon of exultation in his eyes. Impressed against his will, Richard followed him.

Out by the back door, across the dark yard, then—Richard stopped as though turned to stone.

"My lord!" he said.

He had heard the rustle of a horse chewing hay.

"Don't say anything, Mark," he urged, in a panting whisper. "I know what it is. I know what she's done."

"Ye don't know all," chuckled Mark, as Richard took the intervening distance in two noiseless strides and entered the stable.

He chuckled again as he stood and peered in.

"Strike a light," he advised. "Mind ye choose the right 'un."

A silence, then Richard struck a match. There was another horse in the adjoining box.

"Whose is that?" said Richard.

"Your'n."

"Mine!"

"Both your'n."

"Who—who sent 'em?" Richard's voice was faint.

"Miss Lyons that 'un—and the finest thing on four foot I've see'd for many a day. 'Phoned ter say Nephew's was sendin' it round, and I wasn't ter breathe a word to nobody."

"And the other?"

"From Jim. 'Oo else? 'Is come first—brought it along 'isself. 'Mark,' 'e ses, 'tell 'im this, tell 'im it's from me. For Gawd's sake ask 'im not to thank me, 'e was in a sweat fur fear you'd cut up and ——"

"That's enough, Mark," said Richard. "That's enough, old man. This—this flummoxed me."

He leaned against the partition, tight in the throat. Presently he got a few words.

"It was like Jim," he said, hoarsely. "It was like her. I'll arrange with Jim selling his again. He won't mind, what's happened. I shall remember it, same. And he'll have got his way; go back to Darley."

"Mark, you sinner"—his composure coming back—"you'll lose by this. that for you! Not that you'll care, you hearted old devil."

"So long as ye lunch 'ere and drinks," said Mark, unconcerned, another impulse of delight shook

"'Struth!" he exclaimed. a knock-out—absolutely a bally

"Getting on that way," "We'll drink to this. Go and I'll be with you in two shakes."

Mark stumped away.

Richard waited for the footsteps Then he put an arm over the chestnut's and laid his cheek against it, patting stroking him, and talking in low to

The rhythmic chewing went on. could hear the food passing down the

[*Another of these stories will appear* EDITOR.]

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[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

R. F. (Leicester).—Your trouble with patent leather boots is by no means unusual. It is impossible to prevent patent leather from cracking in the course of time. The most you can do is to rub into it a good dressing, and to warm the boots a little, either by putting them close to the fire or by rubbing them briskly with your hand before you put them on. This has a wonderful effect in saving off cracks.

A. T. W. P. (New Cross).—Many thanks for the photograph. We wonder whether we have ever ridden in the tramcar you drive. We are very round to number you amongst our readers, for the man who can drive an electric tramcar has more than the usual amount of energy and grit. Why didn't you let us have your full name as well as your address? We should have liked to send you a personal letter.

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T. G. L. (Exeter).—Many thanks for the postcards. Though we do not collect picture postcards we greatly appreciate these kind evidences of remembrance on the part of our friends.

Q. T. (Llanishen).—Although an evening suit is correct even for daylight functions in France and certain parts of America, it is never worn in this country—except by waiters—earlier than six o'clock in the evening.

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"CONSCRIPT" (Dublin).—The expenses of a territorial officer depend entirely upon the regiment he joins. In some regiments it is necessary for him to spend several pounds a week, while in others he can make his pay cover all his expenses.

F. O. (Rochdale).—If at any time you become hard up we do not think you would have any difficulty in disposing of the shares which you hold in this company to advantage; also we do not think that you will ever desire to dispose of them.

T. W. (Warminster).—Better make friends with your local taxidermist.

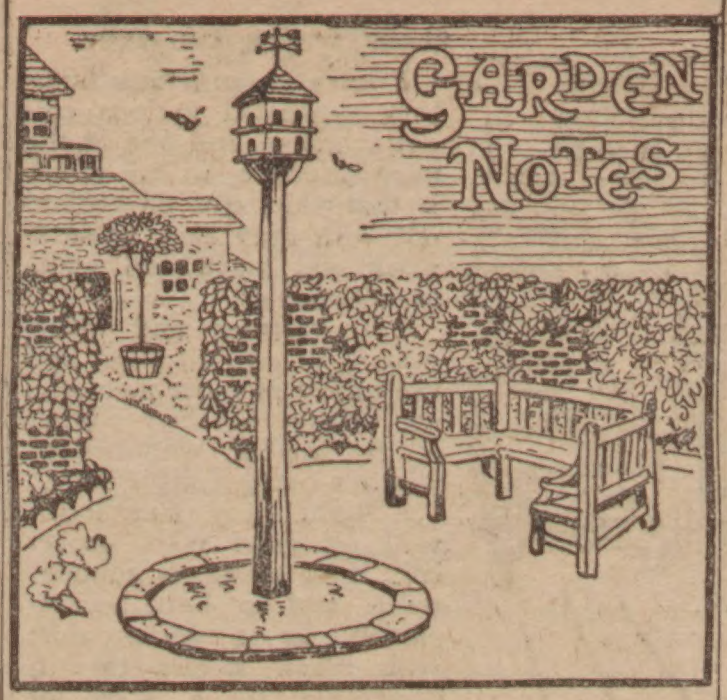
W. M. (Newport).—Most physical exercises tend to increase your height, especially those where a certain amount of strength is involved. We have already dealt with this subject.

H. MARTIN, 25, Darlington Road, Ferry Hill, Durham, wants to meet a reader keen on Physical culture, and especially walking.

W. E. P. B. (Weymouth).—Inspectors of weights and measures are appointed by local authorities after passing the Board of Trade examination. For particulars apply to the latter body. We may say, however, that there are always far more applicants than there are vacancies.

H. F. (9th Lancers, Potchefstroom).—If the addressee denies receiving the registered letter, apply to the Post Office for compensation. Perhaps it has really been lost.

C. H. B. (Weymouth), **B. T.** (Cleethorpes), **H. V.** (Douglas), **S. M.** (St. John's Wood), **V. E. B.** (Coalville), **P.** (Bradford), **A. M. H.** (Cardiff), **E. E. G.** (Weybridge), (Alfreton), **R. O. S.** (Wolverhampton), **J. C.** (Nottingham), **B. P.** (Forest Gate), **A. S.** (Wigan), **B. M.** (Nottingham), **P. G.** (Edinburgh), **F. N.** (Bracknell), **M. G.** (Folkestone)—Kindest regards.



The owner of a small garden who does not wish it was larger is a rarity indeed, and here is a tip that may be useful in at least giving the appearance of size.

Make the boundaries of your garden as indefinite as possible. Plant the borders irregularly with trees and shrubs of some height.

In this way you make it impossible for the stranger to tell how far back your garden extends or whether there is beyond the border that he sees another stretch of garden which might be any size.

With a brick wall or a fence or trellis-work there is no room for doubt. The boundary of the garden is very obvious, and even though it be covered with creepers, roses, or fruit trees so as not to be positively ugly, it remains a definite boundary which emphasises the smallness of your garden.

* * * * * * *

Talking of fruit trees it is a remarkable fact that the small gardener rarely makes as much use of them as he might. They are usually left to the owners of large gardens who grow them purely for their fruit and keep them very much in the background.

But the apple, the pear, the cherry, and the plum tree might all find a place in the small garden if only for the sake of their blossom, whether they are grown on wall or espalier or independently.

They have a beauty that is unsurpassed by any flowering tree and remain beautiful even when the blossom is replaced by the fruit, while in a year or two the fruit itself becomes a consideration.

This is a point which may well be considered by those who propose to do any planting during the later part of the year.

* * * * * * *

At this time of the year many gardeners are troubled by the green fly, red spider and other insect pests which work havoc with their roses and other plants.

To get rid of these a garden syringe is indispensable, but though many insecticides are advertised and are undoubtedly useful, the desired effect can in most cases be obtained by squirting the plants with water in which soft soap has been dissolved in the proportion of about three ounces to the gallon.

This should be done several times a week and will benefit the plant, while killing its destroyers.

C. B. STAINER.

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RUINED BY GOLF.

ABUSES THAT ARE SPOILING A FINE GAME.

For the man of moderate means golf is, or rather has become, a pretty "ruinous" game. The price of balls has advanced 100 per cent., of clubs about 50 per cent., club subscriptions are steadily mounting up, and the whole tendency is towards increased expense.

There are, however, other aspects of golf as a ruinous game. There is, for example, the fatal fascination it exercises over many of its devotees. I have in mind a once prosperous business man, who "took to" golf in middle-age. The game became a mania or obsession with him. Business, home, family, everything was neglected for golf, and he ended by going bankrupt.

It is, however, mainly as an instrument for gambling that golf is ruining men.

We have travelled far from the traditional wager of a new ball, or, at the most, half a crown on a match. True, in the old days there were occasionally matches for large stakes. These affairs, however, were open and above board, and very different from the more or less secret gambling that is corroding golf.

The spread of golf in England has brought into existence a golfer of undesirable type.

Of true sport he has no conception. He finds golf useful because it enables him to get into society from which ordinarily he would be barred, and it gives him an opportunity of posing as a sportsman. Golf by itself would bore him to extinction, and so he makes of it a cloak for gambling.

Five pounds a hole, and a "pony" (£25) on the match, that is the sort of thing that is going on, more especially in golf clubs round London.

The golf clubs are full of young men down from the 'Varsities and so on, and they are lured into playing for stakes they cannot afford to lose. A favourite way of gambling is on three-, or four-, or five-ball matches, that is when each player plays his own ball.

Suppose it is a four-ball match, there will be a sweepstake of, say, two sovereigns apiece on each hole, the player who does the hole in the lowest number of strokes taking the pool.

It may be said that a player knows his own powers, and if he is a good man, he should have a fair chance, cheating being an impossibility.

Cheating is *not* impossible at golf.

The "pigeon," we will say, goes out for a three-ball match with two "hawks."

At a crucial point one of the sharpers moves during the pigeon's stroke. Of course, he is full of profuse apologies for the "accident," but the mischief has been done. The victim not only misses or foozles that stroke, but very likely he is put off his game altogether.

Then one rascal will engage the pigeon in conversation, while the other, having a bad "lie," quietly kicks his ball into a better position.

Or the score may be manipulated, one sharper knocking off a stroke, while the other stoutly supports him in his claim for a five when he really took six.

The victim goes out expecting to lose a few sovereigns at most, but when the eighteenth green is reached he finds, what with additional bets and so on, he has lost something like £50.

Admitted that most golf club committees are dead against this gambling, it is very difficult for them to stop it.

As things are now, the average golf club is a dangerous place for a youth who is foolish or inclined to "go the pace," for betting, gambling, cheating, and drinking are now far too frequently associated with golf.

M. L. ROBERTSON.

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

COLOUR IN MEN'S CLOTHES.

There seems to be every indication that the general tendency in men's attire is towards a greater brightness.

The vivid fancy waistcoat, it is true, is a thing of the past, but the desire for the introduction of colours which have hitherto been practically restricted to the opposite sex undoubtedly remains.

The recent general mourning no doubt has had some effect in brightening up men's attire, for reaction plays a great part in fashion at all times, and it seems to veer from one extreme to the other.

Black is no longer the vogue for men even in the City and light-coloured lounge suits and even light grey morning coats are to be seen on every side.

STRAW HAT BANDS.

There is one item of a man's summer dress, however, where colour is best omitted, and that is his straw-hat band.

The wearing of club colours, by those who have the right to do so, is a thing that in my opinion might be done more than it is, but where the colours are not those of a club, school or college, I must admit that I think they are out of place in a straw hatband.

Not only does one often see young men wearing ribands with coloured stripes which might be, but fairly evidently are not, the colours of some club or institution, but there appear every year an increasing number of plain self-coloured ribands.

Brown and green of various shades are the most popular conditions, while here and there one meets some shade of red, scarlet being reserved for the genuine bounder only.

Such coloured bands are not, and do not appear likely to be, considered in the best of taste, so that the man with any pretension to smartness and correctness will do well to stick to the plain black ribbon of respectability, unless he has some club colours or other club trophy which he has earned the right to display.

BLACK, WHITE, AND GREY.

I have in previous numbers suggested various colour-schemes, and one of the most effective, to my mind, is that which can be worked out with grey as a groundwork and black and white as accessories.

For neatness and quietness it is hard to beat, and the object of most men who are careful of their clothes is to appear well-dressed without being conspicuous.

A light grey suit looks well on most men, especially dark men, for summer wear, and is best accompanied by a white shirt with black stripes—this is preferable to a shirt of which the prevailing colour is also grey—a knitted black tie, which may be adorned with a pearl or opal pin, grey or black socks, with or without embroidering, and black shoes or boots.

A correspondent who writes to me on the subject of such a colour-scheme suggests brown shoes, but it seems to me that black would look better.

It is true that the whole outfit would have a "half-mourning" appearance, but during the national mourning for King Edward we have had opportunities to see how the appearance of many men, as well as women, could be improved by the wearing of mourning.

In the matter of gloves for wear with such a suit any shade of grey would look well, or, perhaps, light chamois-leather gloves would be most effective in removing the "mourning" appearance of the outfit.

A WATERPROOF JACKET.

In these days one can obtain various patent brands of cloth which though waterproofed are not made largely of rubber like a mackintosh. They are porous and allow the free passage of air but not of wet.

These are, of course, a boon and a blessing to the sportsman who was hitherto prevented from continuing his exercise in a mackintosh during a shower of rain owing to the fact that the heat of his body was retained by it while the stiffness of the material hampered his movements.

The new style of waterproof cloth has not these drawbacks, though it may not be always quite as impervious to water.

It is an excellent plan to have a jacket made of this type of cloth. It should be cut on the lines of the ordinary sporting jacket, of Norfolk pattern, with patch pockets, and instead of being put into the jacket, it replaces it, so that you gain protection from the rain without unnecessary heat, and at the same time you have freedom of action for golf, walking or any other form of exercise.

A jacket of this kind should be proof against any ordinary shower of rain, but the more voluminous "mac" will still be necessary to guard against a continuous downpour.

SILK SHOE LACES.

There are some men who have a fad for silk shoe laces an inch or more in breadth.

These certainly look very nice when they are new, and as long as the wearer takes the trouble to tie them carefully, but that usually does not last long. The laces become curled up and the ends of the bow are no longer gracefully spread out, and in such a condition a silk lace has no advantage over the ordinary cheaper kind, although it may cost three or four times as much.

Moreover, a silk lace in any circumstances does not last as long as a cheaper one, so that this cannot be considered one of those cases where it is sound economy to get the most expensive article.

The broad lace—not more than an inch in width—is undoubtedly the most fashionable thing to-day, and it has the advantage that the ends stick out more or less stiffly at the sides instead of flapping limply on the instep.

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Modern Tackle for Modern Men, carriage free.—Bottom Rods, 3s. 3d., 5s. 6d., 8s.; Casting Rods, wood, 7s. 6d.; split cane, 20s.; Sea Rods, 3s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 10s.; Fly Rods, 5s., 6s. 6d., 10s.; also everything for the angler. Catalogues free from the makers, Albert Smith and Co., Dominion Works, Redditch.

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